

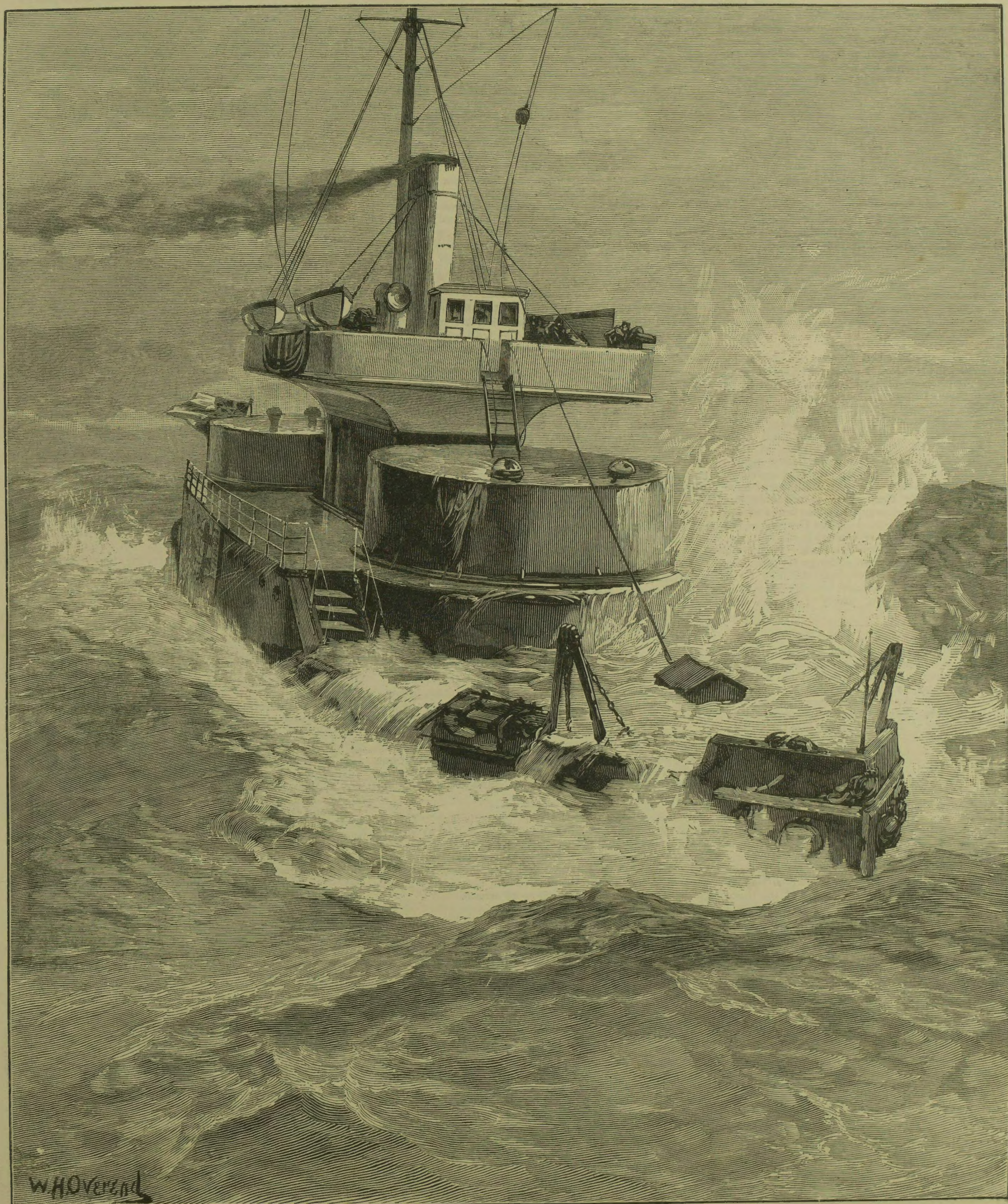
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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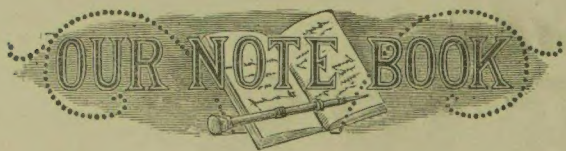
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SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1884.

WITH SIXPENCE.
THREE SUPPLEMENTS! By Post, 6d.



AN EXPERIMENTAL CRUISE: H.M.S. HECATE AT SEA ON HER PASSAGE TO HELIGOLAND.



It is rumoured that her Majesty the Queen, as a graceful tribute to the memory of her dead son, intends conferring on the Grand Duke of Pyrmont and Waldeck the Order of the Garter. The regulation exempting Royal personages from payment of fees connected with the investiture of this most coveted distinction seems specially salutary on this occasion. For it is an open secret that the revenues of the father of the Duchess of Albany are infinitesimally small, and four hundred and eighty pounds, the expenses of the proposed honour, would make a sad hole in his little income, and he could not in common courtesy refuse the proffered compliment.

Lawyers decided long ago that public meetings on subjects of public interest might be legally held in the parks or elsewhere if no thoroughfare were persistently blocked. But there are considerations other than those purely affecting legality that are interesting just now. Alarmists are already walking about with eucalyptus leaves in their pockets, with oxidised pennies next to their skin, and other popular specifics against cholera; and statistics show that smallpox is on the increase in London.

Although the authorities provided on Monday last a sufficient number of policemen to preserve order and regulate the traffic during the demonstration in favour of the Franchise Bill, they took no steps to restrain the danger of infection that an influx of many thousands of visitors must subject the metropolitan population to. In the event of an outbreak of pestilence, ships will be quarantined, foreigners fumigated, and learned essays written on the importation of disease germs; but the cause may, perhaps, be found nearer home.

It is worthy of note that the medical profession is not a favourite one with the aristocracy. Younger sons of the nobility, and elder sons, too, for that matter, have not disdained to make or lose money in all branches of Commerce, from cab-owning to stock-broking, while briefless scions of noble houses are far from uncommon. But medicine seems to be a closed profession to blue blood. Why? Can it be because the practical education necessary for its pursuit begins earlier than is consistent with the interests of Eton and Oxford.

Truly a curious custom is this modern one of lending private mansions for professional concerts, though it is to be doubted if the interests of art are benefited thereby as much as the pockets of singers. Miss Gertrude Griswold's short entertainment would probably have commanded but an ordinary audience had it taken place at an ordinary concert hall. But Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow graciously allowed it to take place at their residence, No. 29, Chesham-place, and many people flocked to hear the music, paying for the privilege many more shillings than St. James's Hall would have attracted. For a charity the fashion is not only explicable but should be encouraged, as the funds of the Home for Poor Children supported by the Convent of the Assumption can testify after the concert in aid of them, which took place at Mrs. Rueben Sassoon's. There is a considerable difference between ten shillings for listening to a "Monday Pop." and twenty-one shillings for a mediocre concert in Belgrave-square, but the balance is made up in powdered footmen, pretty furniture, and eleemosynary ices.

From time to time we hear a great deal about the fabulous sums realised by actors and actresses on the occasions of their benefit performances. Curiously enough the great operatic singers, ever the spoilt children of the stage, reap no advantage by their so-called benefits. Of course they get their salaries, large enough, goodness knows, and also the barren honour of an exceptionally extravagant crop of bouquets. But the crowds that flock to do annual honour to Madame Patti only put additional money in the pockets of her manager. This is the reason why she, instead of the usual "benefit," this year insisted that the words Madame Patti's *gala* night should be advertised on her last appearance this season, on which she was regarded as a more than ordinarily special attraction.

The common star-fish, which has hitherto enjoyed a reputation for innocence though not for beauty, now threatens the oyster beds along the coast line of Connecticut, U.S.A., with total annihilation. It appears that the shoals of herrings and other finny tribes which feed on the spawn of the star-fish are becoming shy of the shore on account of the potting and preserving establishments that have sprung up. Consequently the five-pointed pests have flourished unchecked, and ravaged the edible bivalves at their leisure. A system of divers and vessels is now being organised from which purse-nets will be lowered, and when filled the contents will be carried ashore as manure. This is the only way that can as yet be seen out of the difficulty.

History is said to repeat itself; but it sometimes reverses itself or converses itself. In old times the bondsmen "spoiled the Egyptians;" nowadays the Egyptians threaten to spoil the bondholders. The French and the German bondholders, however, are expected to show fight in the persons of their representatives; and certainly there is no more reason now than there was before the English occupation why French or German or even English bondholders should be mulcted. If they originally received too much interest, the negotiators of the loan ought to be held responsible; if the expense of the Alexandrian indemnities is the cause of the proposed reduction, the English bondholders are no more responsible than any other Englishman, and the French and German bondholders are clearly free from the very slightest responsibility. But perhaps the appearance of this question depends upon the political or financial spectacles through which it is examined.

The Force, as it is the fashion to call the noble army of police, has covered itself with glory in the persons of Messrs. Garner, Snell, and Company, at the battle of Hoxton, with truncheons *versus* revolvers. If ever men displayed courage "under fire," the gallant Garner and Snell may be said to have done so; and without any hope, even if they recovered of their wounds, of such honours as the Victoria Cross. It was enough for them to know that England expects every man to do his duty.

Mr. Caledon Alexander, member of the Jockey Club since 1860, whose sudden death was announced at Kempton Park during the races on the 18th inst., had very little success upon the Turf, but he was concerned in some notable events. In 1857 his filly Madcap and Baron Rothschild's Barbary ran a double dead-heat (not a very usual though not by any means a unique occurrence) at Newmarket First Spring Meeting; in 1866 he made a very sporting match with Baron Rothschild to decide whether his colt or the Baron's should continue to be called "Robin Hood"; and in 1879 he rode his mare Briglia (16 st.) and was beaten in a sporting match against Sir J. D. Astley, who rode his own horse, Drumhead (16 st. 10 lb.). And yet Mr. Alexander was a noted advocate of the old absurdly light "feather-weights" in handicaps; and once, if he be truly reported of, "snapped" a short-lived resolution in favour of literal "feather weights" from the Jockey Club.

What extraordinary fascination is there about the North Pole, that brave men are always ready to start in quest of it? The lands in its immediate vicinity are uninhabitable save by bears; they produce nothing but snow and ice; and if a water-passage should perchance be discovered at Midsummer between one frozen sea and another, *cui bono*? It is matter for thankfulness that Lieutenant Greeley and a few of his comrades have been found alive, but it is feared that their health is permanently injured. Why then should any more Arctic expeditions be sent out, either from England or America? They only result in much suffering, terrible loss of life, and the amendment of maps and charts which are of no general utility. Apollyons are too many and Greathearts too few for us to regard with equanimity this waste of men, money, and energy among the icebergs.

If wolves have been reintroduced into the realm King Egbert ruled and loved a thousand years ago, he lived and legislated in vain. The prairie wolf may not be the worst of his kind, but it is rather disquieting to hear that he has been domesticated in Epping Forest, and that his "curiously coloured" cubs have been pretty freely distributed about England. Mr. A. D. Bartlett, the Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, declares that a creature captured in what East Londoners fondly call "The Forest," is a genuine prairie wolf, and gives cogent reasons for believing that four cubs of the species were brought from abroad and turned loose there a few years ago. Though England is thickly populated, it is only in patches; and there are still plenty of woods where prairie wolves would be far more dangerous neighbours than foxes.

"Fleet yet sweet is the time of the roses," was the motto of the fair dames and damsels who on the 17th inst. filled the cool dusky saloons of the Mansion House with fragrant bouquets and baskets of the Queen of Flowers, and sold them to all comers for the benefit of the Hospital for Women and Children in the Waterloo Bridge-road. The Lady Mayoress and her youthful bevy of Rose Maidens formed a pretty group; and as the sale was only of a few hours' duration neither vendors nor purchasers were worn out. This last is a very essential point, for even amateur shop-keeping is fatiguing, and "It hastes, it wastes, the time of the roses" is as applicable to the ladies as to the flowers.

The notion of gilding refined gold is an obvious folly, and it might have been imagined that the idea of adding brilliancy to diamonds was equally futile. A Parisian jeweller has, however, achieved the latter feat by putting clockwork that runs for five hours inside his diamond locket, which causes the gems to circle round about one another, scintillating and flashing in a most bewildering manner. These ornaments are in great request among American belles.

The very latest thing in ladies' dress is the "Housemaid" skirt, which has made its appearance at several garden parties and in the Park. It is decidedly dowdy, and though there are, of course, some women so elegant and pretty that they look well in it, the sisterhood in general, if well advised, will shun the obtrusively simple garment, and wear something more ornate.

Mr. A. G. Steel is well named. There must be a great deal of steel about the man who can make one hundred and forty-eight runs in one innings against the Australians and their "demon," as Mr. Steel did last Tuesday.

What's in a name? Something very curious and apt sometimes; something very curious and perversely inapt sometimes. "Truefitt," for instance, may not seem to be a very appropriate name for a mere hair-dresser; but it is for a wig-maker and hatter. Nobody can deny that "Whippy" is a rare good name for a whip-maker; so good, indeed, as to create a doubt whether it is a real patronymic, any more than "Norfolk Howard" was the real patronymic of a certain Mr. Bugg. Nothing could be much better for a baker than "Ovenstone"; and such baker dwells not far from "Whippy." As for the tobacconist, "Weingott" by name, who lives in a noted thoroughfare, had he bethought himself of his Italian synonym, and put "Bacco" over his shop-window, he might have, as it were, killed two birds with one stone, and hit off both his name and trade with economical and laconic point and brevity. As an instance of the ludicrously perverse name, it is unnecessary to go further than the case of a German Jew with the impossible patronymic of "Christian." So much amusement is to be derived from the mere use of the eyes in the streets.

THE HYDE PARK DEMONSTRATION.

The assembly of more than a hundred thousand people in Hyde Park on Monday afternoon, to protest against the rejection of the Franchise Bill by the House of Lords, and to call for some limitation of the powers of that House, was an imposing spectacle. It was organised by a committee in the city of London, of which Mr. George Howell was secretary, while Mr. George Shipton acted as Chief Marshal of the procession and of the arrangements in the Park. The procession was collected and marshalled on the Victoria Thames Embankment, and started from the Clock Tower of Westminster Palace at three o'clock, moving along Bridge-street, past New Palace-yard, up Parliament-street and Whitehall to Charing-cross; then up Cockspur-street, along the whole length of Pall-mall and up St. James's-street, passing all the political Clubs, and westward along Piccadilly to Hyde Park-corner, where it entered the Park. It was led by members of the Farriers' Society, on horseback, to clear the way. It consisted, first, of some five or six thousand agricultural labourers from Kent and Sussex, Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and other counties; the Kent and Sussex men carrying their white banner, and each man a hop-pole, with a bit of blue at the top. There was also a deputation from the miners of the North of England. Several carriages followed, in which sat the gentlemen appointed to preside or to speak on the platforms in the Park, and those of the committee of management. The various Trades Unions of London working men, with their banners, the Liberal Clubs and Associations of different metropolitan boroughs and of the suburbs, the Working Men's Clubs, Temperance Societies, and Friendly Societies, with banners and bands of music and some emblems of the trades, and other associations of a popular character, composed the bulk of the regular procession. It was joined or followed, as it went through the streets, by an immense multitude of other people, manifestly belonging to the orderly and well-behaved London labouring classes. The whole vast moving body, extending nearly three miles in length, passed through a lane walled in by two standing front lines of approving and sympathizing spectators, behind whom stood closely ranked as many more as could find space at the sides of the streets. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Countess Spencer, Countess Granville, Countess Rosebery, the Earl and Countess of Dalhousie, and other persons of rank, saw it from the windows of Lord Carington's house at the corner of Whitehall-yard. At the Athenæum Club, the Reform Club, and the Carlton Club, in Pall-mall, and at the Conservative Club, Brooks's, and the Devonshire Club, in St. James's-street, many persons of distinction, and well-known members of both Houses of Parliament, stood at the windows. Lord Randolph Churchill, in the balcony over the portico of the Carlton, had to endure a good deal of rude but not ill-humoured "chaff." Lord Hartington was at the War Office, with the Duke of Cambridge; and Mr. Chamberlain was at the Devonshire Club. There was some hissing at the top of Arlington-street, in Piccadilly, near Lord Salisbury's house. Mr. Bright was at the window of his own residence in Piccadilly, and was greeted with the heartiest cheering. The movement of the procession was necessarily slow, its first section only reaching Hyde Park by five o'clock.

The Park arrangements were certainly very good. In the open space on the east side, adjacent to Park Lane, the ground for half a mile between the Serpentine and the Marble Arch was given up to seven distinct meetings, each clustering around its own platform, which consisted of an uncovered waggon, without horses. They were ranged in the form of a crescent open to the east, and were at such a distance from the ordinary carriage drive, and from Rotten Row, as not to cause any disturbance to the daily fashionable promenade. The platforms were distinguished from one another by the letters of the alphabet. Each had its appointed chairman, and its appointed speakers, about half a dozen. On Platform A., the chairman was Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P.; on Platform B., Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P.; Platform C., Mr. H. Broadhurst, M.P.; Platform D., in the centre, Mr. Chatfield Clarke, with whom were Mr. George Howell and Mr. Shipton to direct the whole combination; Platform E., Mr. S. Storey, M.P.; Platform F., Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P.; and for Platform G., Professor Thorold Rogers, M.P., was the designated chairman, but he could not arrive in time, and his place was taken by Mr. F. A. Ford. Among the speakers were the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, Professor E. S. Beesly, Professor Sedley Taylor, the Revs. Newman Hall, J. Guinness Rogers, and other ministers of religion; Mr. Quintin Hogg, Major Sharp Hume, Mr. G. Harris Lee, and Mr. F. Belsey, Liberal candidates for seats in Parliament; Mr. Benjamin Lucraft, one of the School Board of London; Mr. John Noble and Mr. F. Channing, of the London and Counties Liberal Union; Mr. A. Simmonds, of the Kent and Sussex Labourers' Union; Mr. G. W. Ball, of the Essex Agricultural Labourers' Union; Mr. G. Mitchell, of the West of England Agricultural Labourers' Union; and Mr. Joseph Arch, of Cambridgeshire; Mr. J. Burnett, of the Amalgamated Engineers' Society; Mr. Pickard, miners' agent, and representatives of many trades and employments in London. An identical resolution, at each of the seven meetings, was moved and seconded, supported by several speeches, and carried by an all but unanimous vote in the show of hands. This resolution "emphatically protests" against the rejection of the Franchise Bill by an irresponsible and unrepresentative House of Lords, notwithstanding its almost unanimous acceptance by the people and the House of Commons; approves Mr. Gladstone's action in advising her Majesty to summon an Autumn Session of Parliament, and his determination to send up the bill again to the Peers; and further expresses an opinion "that the continued existence of an unchecked power of impeding and obstructing the popular will, at present exercised by the House of Lords, is not conducive either to the welfare of the people or the peace and prosperity of the country."

The proceedings terminated about half-past six, having been conducted in the most orderly manner, and with perfect good-humour. No accident whatever is reported to have happened. We present a very large Engraving, equal in dimensions to four pages of this Journal, containing a view of the scene in the Park, drawn by our own Artist. The Portraits of the seven gentlemen appointed to preside on the seven platforms are engraved beneath the general View. That of Sir Wilfrid Lawson is from a photograph by A. Bassano, of Old Bond-street, taken this year.

The Burns statue on the Thames Embankment will be unveiled by the Earl of Rosebery this (Saturday) afternoon at three o'clock.

In London 2669 births and 2007 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 33, and the deaths by 270, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 23 from smallpox, 55 from measles, 40 from scarlet fever, 19 from diphtheria, 69 from whooping-cough, 21 from enteric fever, 533 from dysentery, and 24 from choleraic diarrhoea and cholera.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The "brave army" who, armed with weapons not more lethal than hop-poles decorated with ribbons and ears of corn, made a demonstration in favour of the Franchise Bill in Hyde Park on Monday, July 20, followed practically the advice of General Bombastes Furioso. They abstained from "kicking up a row." They declined to "raise Cain and break things"; and with charming unanimity they assisted the Metropolitan police in keeping the peace. With regard to the number of persons who were in the ranks of the procession, astoundingly discrepant calculations have been made public. The estimate of Mr. George Howell (and he ought to know) is that the "processionists" numbered from one hundred and twenty-five thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand men, and that from seven hundred and fifty thousand to a million persons took part in the day's proceedings, either as "processionists" or as sympathising spectators.

This is a "tall" calculation. The aggregate of demonstrators has been elsewhere computed as "between sixty and seventy thousand," as thirty thousand, and as fifteen thousand. The last estimate is, on the face of it, simply stupidly and spitefully absurd. The true statistics of the mass meeting in Hyde Park will probably never be known; and the conflicting figures quoted this week will go down in print to puzzle posterity. Prince Posterity will have many more matters for bewilderment. A few years ago the *Times* was good enough to inform its readers in a leading article that there were a million of convicts in England. This amazing mis-statement was never corrected in the leading journal; and posterity will find itself moralising some day, perhaps, on the dreadful wickedness of the closing quarter of the nineteenth century.

"A poor show, long drawn out," says the *Morning Post*. "The procession to Hyde Park yesterday was all that the promoters of the Demonstration could have desired," says another daily. "The spectacle of yesterday was unique of its kind. It was a demonstration made by the people and for the people." Thus the *Times*. "The Demonstration was, to use plain words, an organised lie." Thus the *Morning Advertiser*. Brave words, bold 'Tiser! By some politicians the Demonstration has been sneered at as "a picnic," an "outing," and so forth. In any case, it must be acknowledged that the procession and the multitude which saw it pass, and gathered round it in Hyde Park, constituted what the Americans call a "Boom." Such a Boom I witnessed at Philadelphia at the end of the year 1879. The gathering (a tremendous one) was avowedly held in order to favour the candidature of General Grant for a third term of Presidency; but here we are in 1884; and General Ulysses Grant is certainly not in "the running" as a possible next Chief Magistrate of the United States.

I read in one of the daily papers that, as the procession passed up Piccadilly, "at the corner of Stratton-street the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was recognised and cordially cheered. She was in the memorable balcony from which Sir Francis Burdett addressed the electors of Westminster before he was sent to the Tower; and, somehow or another, the fact seemed to be known." But is it a fact? Is the balcony in which the Baroness stood the one made memorable by the proceedings against Sir Francis Burdett in 1810? The large corner house, No. 1, Stratton-street, was the residence of Mr. Thomas Coutts, the banker, who bequeathed it at his death to his widow, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans, who in turn bequeathed it to Miss Angela Burdett, now the revered Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Sir Francis Burdett, if I mistake not, occupied in 1810 a house in Piccadilly two or three doors westward from Stratton-street. It is a nice topographical point well worth settling.

We have heard, perhaps, slightly too much about Hyde Park this week, as associated with "legislation in the streets," "mob-law," "sans culotte agitators," "organised grievance-mongers," and the like; but happily the embellishment of the renovated Hyde Park-corner is a subject on which politicians of all shades of opinion, and people who are wise or fortunate enough to have no politics at all, may agree. The disintegrated statue of the Hero of Waterloo, happily rescued (but only at the eleventh hour) from the melting-pot, will soon be on its way to Aldershot, there to be set up anew for unnumbered generations of young recruits to look upon; Mr. Boehm, R.A., is busy with the models and designs for the new equestrian group of the Duke and Copenhagen which the eminent sculptor has been commissioned to execute; and the Committee of the Hyde Park-Corner Improvement Fund want thirty thousand pounds from a spirited and large-hearted public.

You see that while Parliament has voted sufficient money to remunerate the sculptor of the new statue, it is requisite, in addition, to provide a suitable pedestal, which, to form part of a really dignified National Memorial, should be adorned with bas-reliefs commemorating Wellington's Victories, or at least with bronze medallion-portraits of his valiant companions in arms. Then Decimus Burton's triumphal arch has to be completed by means of bas-reliefs round the pediment, and at the summit a quadriga or four-horsed car, carrying a figure of Victoria. Altogether, the architectural and plastic decorations demanded at Hyde Park-corner will cost some thirty thousand pounds, in addition to the modest contribution from the Imperial Exchequer. There should be no difficulty in raising the money promptly. Already munificent donations have been received from, among others, her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Westminster, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, Sir Nathaniel and Messrs. Leopold and Alfred de Rothschild, Sir Thomas Brassey, Mr. Albert Brassey, Sir Richard Wallace, and Mr. Shaw Lefevre. And we are such a very wealthy community! The Court of Common Council and the City Guilds will not be found wanting, I should say; and might not the Royal Academy of Arts give something? The Forty are rich enough, in all conscience.

Still *Bella! Horrida bella!* Bellona must needs be glorified at the newly swept and garnished Hyde Park-corner; and now, again, the fiery goddess flying all abroad on her own pinions and on the wings of all the winds (Mr. Linley Sambourne, *del.*) on the cover of the new *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* (published at 198, Strand), of which the First Number is now before me. Or perhaps the athletic female who is so lustily sounding her *polemiké salpinx* on Mr. Sambourne's frontispiece is not Bellona; but Fame. I prefer to call her Bellona, because she is surrounded by falcions, horse-pistols, breech-loading guns, spears, mountain howitzers, ramrods, rapiers, British lions, and smoke, besides four medallion profiles of Wellington, Marlborough, Nelson, and Drake. Mr. Sambourne's cover is a most vigorous piece of drawing.

The contents of the first Number of the "Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine" are very varied, and the numerous illustrations are, as well as the letterpress, got up in superb style. There is a splendid frontispiece in photo-aquatint, after Mr. R. Caton Woodville's picture of "Saving the Guns at Maiwand," and some capital illustrations by the last-named gentleman to Major E. T. H. Hutton's paper on "Mounted Infantry." The magazine also contains interesting contributions on naval and military topics by Admiral Sir George Elliot, Captain H. Berkeley, R.N., Colonel Charles Brackenbury, Mr. Athol Mayhew, and Colonel L'Estrange. The literary gem of the number is the well known but always verdant story, very touchingly narrated by Major W. J. Elliott, of Mrs. Dalbiac (wife of Colonel afterwards Sir Charles Dalbiac, K.C.B.) at the battle of Salamanca. This forms the first paper of a series called "Heroism of Women in War." I hope that Major Elliott will not forget the heroism of the late Mrs. Colonel Chambers with Garibaldi in the Tyrol in 1866.

A singularly readable and suggestive work is Mr. John Ashton's "English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I.," two handsome volumes just published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Did not one bear in mind the circumstance that exhaustive scholars of the Napoleonic legend are growing fewer every year, and that nine-tenths of the people who have anything to say nowadays about the Bonapartes have gathered their knowledge of the family and its illustrious Chief from the rancorous pages of Lanfrey and Michelet (the last-named historian descended so low in the direction of malevolent meanness as to assert that Napoleon had no eyebrows, and that he smeared his hair with pomatum in order to make it look darker), one might feel disposed to opine that there was too much letterpress, explanatory of only one hundred and fifteen caricatures (very cleverly drawn by the author), in these two volumes. On the whole, however, Mr. John Ashton has done his work very well, and with rare impartiality.

Mr. Ashton's account of the conflicting genealogies of the Corsican Buonapartes is highly entertaining. What do you think of the following, from an English broadsheet, published in 1803?—

Napoleon Buonaparte is the son of a poor lawyer at Ajaccio, in Corsica, in which city he was born, on the fifteenth of August, 1769. His grandfather, Joseph, a butcher of the same place, was ennobled by Count Niuhoff (our old friend Theodore), some time King of Corsica. He was the son of Carlos Buona, who once kept a liquor shop or tavern; but who, being convicted of robbery and murder, was condemned to the Gallies, where he died, in 1724. His wife, La Birba, the mother of Joseph, died in the House of Correction at Genoa (Genoa?). . . . Joseph Buonaparte's wife, Histria, was the daughter of a journeyman tanner at Bastia, also in Corsica.

I have a "Life and Character of Buonaparte," written by a Mr. Burdon, A.M., and published in 1805, in which the writer remarks of Napoleon that his parents "were not above the middle ranks, and of Italian though not of noble extraction, as some have maintained." To endeavour to make out that your enemy is not a gentleman is a very stale political device. How many tons of cavalier pamphlets were there not written to denounce "the base-born brewer of Huntingdon, Cromwell"? As a matter of fact, Oliver was a gentleman of very ancient descent indeed.

Mr. Ashton, by-the-way, is slightly in error when he begins his work with the observation that "curiously enough, it has never been practically settled whence the ancestors of Napoleon Buonaparte came." If he will instruct any foreign bookseller in London to procure for him, from Corsica, a little pamphlet entitled "La Vérité sur Nos Bonaparte," by the keeper of the public library at Bastia, he will find that the question of the ancestry of the Corsican Buonapartes has been, to all intents and purposes, practically settled. They were of noble race, and they came from Genoa.

With regard to the alleged abject poverty of Napoleon's family (an allegation not endorsed by Mr. Ashton), I can only say that, in common with many thousands of roving Englishmen, I have visited the house and the room in which Napoleon the Great was born, and that in the house there is a spacious ball-room, still showing traces of having been handsomely decorated. A poverty-stricken, pettifogging Corsican attorney could scarcely have afforded such a luxury as a ball-room in his house. I remember that the late James Hannay, that ripe scholar and rare wit, refused to be satisfied as to the social status of the Corsican Buonapartes until a friend, who had just returned from Ajaccio, had told him what Charles Buonaparte's kitchen was like. "Was it the kitchen of a gentleman, Sir?" the author of "Satire and Satirists" impetuously demanded. "Was it a kitchen in which three courses could be properly cooked?" His friend hastened to assure James that not only the Buonapartian kitchen, but the cellar likewise, was fully up to the mark of gentility.

In the matter of the meaning of "Harp Lords" as a term contemptuously applied to the Peers created by Oliver Cromwell, I "burn," as the children say at blind man's buff; but am not yet fully informed. A correspondent, "Si Quid," kindly refers me to "Pepys' Diary," under date May 13, 1660, where I find this entry—

To the quarter deck, at which some tailors and paynters were at work cutting out some pieces of yellow cloth in the fashion of a crown and C.R.

and put it upon a fine sheet. . . . In the afternoon a council of war, only to acquaint them that the harp must be taken out of all their flags, it being very offensive to the King.

Elsewhere, in two places, Sam Pepys speaks of "Harp and Crosse" money in contradistinction to "King's money." The first-named coinage seems to have been called in after the Restoration. In a copy of "The History of the Very Valorous and Witty Knight-Errant Don Quixote of the Mancha, translated out of the Spanish by Thomas Shelton" (London, 1652), in my possession, I find on the frontispiece engravings of the Crowned Harp for Ireland, and the Crowned Thistle for Scotland. The cognisance of England is absent.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness." "B. L." writes:—

You challenged Hebrew scholars of the Talmud to discover and inform you where cleanliness is next to godliness was to be found. I beg to say that it is in a "Treatise Sota" at the end of chap. ix., and you can have it in Hebrew if you like.

"H. S." (Glasgow) also favours me with the information that "Cleanliness is next to godliness" occurs in the chapter "Mishnais Sowteh"; thus, "Alacrity (i.e., in the fulfilment of the Divine commands) leads to innocence; innocence to cleanliness; cleanliness to seclusion; seclusion to godliness; godliness to humility; humility to the fear of sin." Almost an identical passage (says "H. S.") occurs in the first chapter of the Talmud, "Abodoh Zoroh"; and both passages emanate from Rabbi Pinchos-ben-Joir, son-in-law of the great Rabbi Simcon-ben-Tochai, who lived in the time of Marcus Aurelius. Errors in Hebrew orthography you will be pleased to pardon. My Hebrew secretary is on his summer holiday.

"A. H. L.," who gives his full name, but omits to furnish me with his address, writes me a somewhat confused letter, in which he says that an aunt, deceased, has left him and his cousin a large library of books, which he wishes to divide equally, "so that each shall have the proper value." To this information "A. H. L." adds the appalling intelligence that between this date and a fortnight hence he intends to send to the Distressed Compiler, in "locked up boxes," some or all of these books (about a thousand in number) in order that I may value them. I most indignantly request that he will do nothing whatever of the kind. I never heard a cooler proposal in my life. As the young lady (quoted by Mr. Samuel Weller) observed to the pastry-cook when he sold her a pork-pie which was all fat, it is "rather too rich" to be expected, in the autumn of one's life, to appraise the value of strangers' libraries. If the "locked-up boxes" of books are sent to me, they will not be taken in.

Gen. xv. 11: "And when the fowles came doune upon the carkeises Abram drove them away." This, I mentioned recently (in connection with the orthography of the word "carcase" or "carcass"), I found in an old black-letter Bible, from which the title-page had been torn. I am extremely obliged to my erudite correspondent (and esteemed correspondent of some four-and-twenty years since), "J. R. D." (Huddersfield), who informs me that the absence of a title-page is unnecessary to determine the version and the date of my Bible. By a curiously learned process of deduction he has arrived at the conclusion that the Bible with the torn-out title-page is a copy of the Authorised Version of the date 1613. I shall paste "J. R. D.'s" letter inside the cover of my black-letter Bible.

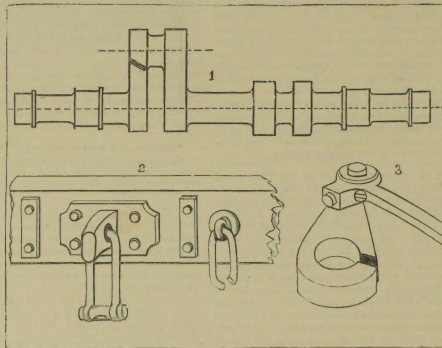
"A. N." (Gloucester) is equally diverted and puzzled by the following advertisement, cut from the *Standard*:—

Wanted, a young Lady Clerk; must understand dissection.—Apply to — and Son, drapers, Oxford, and enclose photograph with reference.

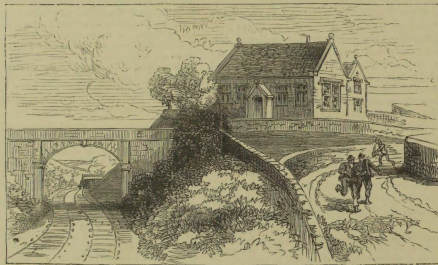
"It appears to me," remarks my valued (and Rev.) correspondent in venerable and historic Gloucester, "to be quite a new feature of the age that a 'clerk,' and especially a 'lady clerk,' must be trained to 'dissecting.'" Not quite so, Rev. Sir. Advertisements for "dissecting clerks" in drapery houses are not by any means uncommon. "Dissection" is a familiar term of technology in the drapery business; it has something evidently to do with the separation, division, or partition of dry goods; but of its precise meaning I am (not being a draper: would that I were one!) at present unaware. Dozen of drapers will have told me all about "dissecting clerks" by this time next week. It is, on the other hand, somewhat irritating to find that in that admirable manual of textile technology, the "Draper's Dictionary," "dissect" is merely defined as "to divide or cut asunder." I hope that, in the next edition of the Dictionary, fuller information will be given respecting dissection as practised by drapers.

The "Clôture" (better closure), so terribly talked about and so timorously practised in Parliament, has become the sternest of actualities in the theatrical world of London. The only event which has called for special notice at the Playhouses during the week just past is the production at Toole's Theatre (Mr. J. L. Toole is, by this time, "over the hills and far away"), under the management of Mr. W. Terriss, of the new four-part comedy adapted to American scenes and manners by Mr. Augustin Daly, from a German play by Herr Franz von Schonthan. The title given to the comedy as it is performed at Toole's Theatre is "Casting the Boomerang." In the United States the play has been running for the last seventeen months as "Seventy-eight." Another version of Herr von Schonthan's work has already made a dim and fitful appearance at the Globe.

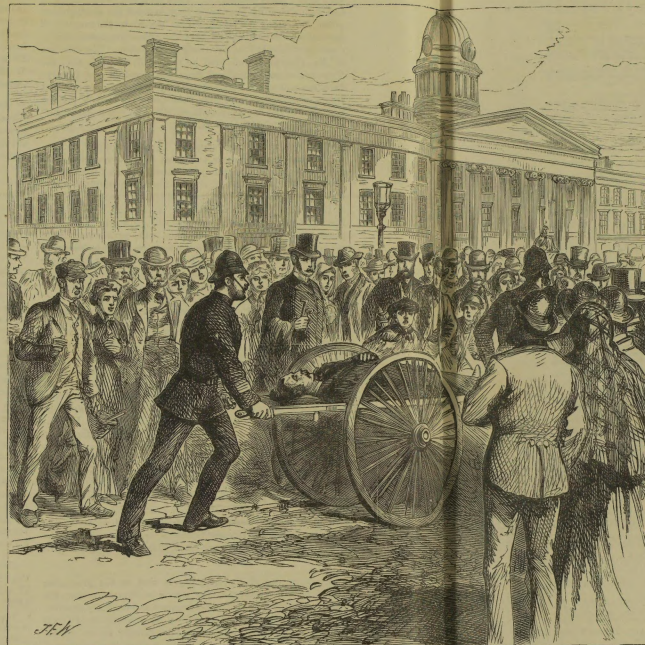
"Casting the Boomerang," at Toole's, achieved a brilliant and well-deserved success. In the piece itself there is not very much that calls for serious criticism. "Seventy-eight" is the catalogue-number of a portrait of a young lady exhibited at the Royal Academy. Two gentlemen fall in love with the portrait; one for the lady's own sweet sake, and the other for the sake of a dog which forms one of the accessories of the picture. Hence much mirth-moving equivocation, cross-purposes, droll dialogue, droller misunderstandings, and downright fun, which is enhanced to the screaming stage by the humours of a would-be poetic Benedict, a fatuous Beatrice, a swindling publisher, and an Italian ballet-master. But the real attractiveness of "Casting the Boomerang" was due to the singular concord of ability in the American Company by which the piece was acted. Mr. Augustin Daly's transatlantic troupe rivals the Meiningers in their rare intelligence, in their generally different artistic fitness, and in their perfect discipline. Miss Ada Rehan, who to great personal comeliness adds an inexhaustible fund of bright humour as the heroine; Mr. James Baggis as the uxorious poetaster; Mr. William Gilbert as the grotesque pantomimist from sunny Italy; Mr. John Drew as the lover with a theory about boomerang throwing, figuratively speaking; and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert as the silly wife of the poetaster, were all admirable. The smaller parts in the piece were all adequately filled. G. A. S.



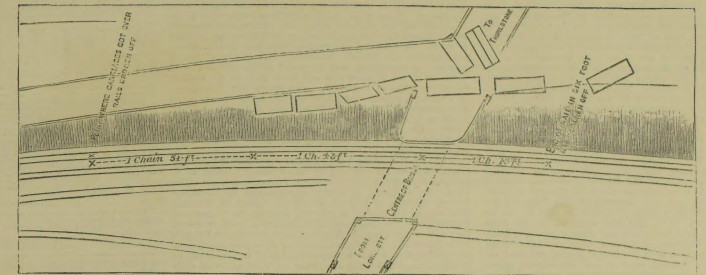
1. Crank axle, with the "web" cracked, causing the driving-wheel to lose its proper place.
2. Coupling-hook and broken link of chain. 3. Outside driving-crank, with split-end, broken.



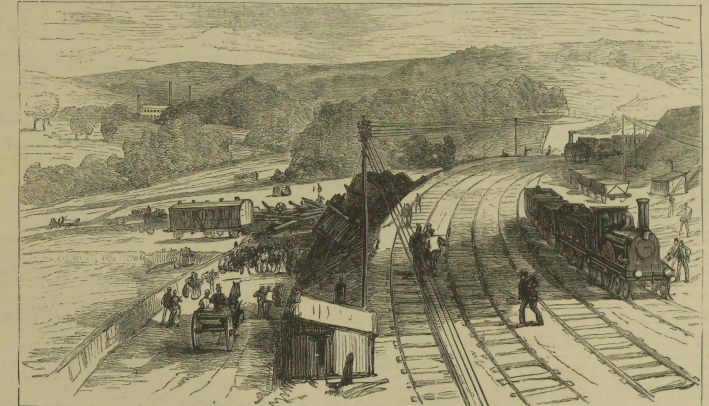
BULLHOUSE HALL.



BRINGING THE WOUNDED TO THE MANCHESTER ROAD INFIRMARY.



PLAN OF THE RAILWAY AT BULLHOUSE BRIDGE, SHOWING WHERE THE CARRIAGES FELL OVER THE EMBANKMENT.



VIEW FROM THE SIGNAL-BOX, LOOKING TOWARDS SHEFFIELD.



REMOVING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED PASSENGERS FROM THE WRECK OF THE TRAIN.

THE DISASTER AT BULLHOUSE BRIDGE, NEAR PENISTONE, ON THE MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

THE FRANCHISE BILL IN THE LORDS.

The House of Lords was engaged on three evenings in the debates on the Franchise Bill—namely, on Monday and Tuesday, the 7th and 8th inst., on the motion for the second reading of the Bill, which they set aside by a majority of 205 against 146 in favour of the amendment moved by Earl Cairns; and further, on Thursday of last week, upon the motion of the Earl of Wemyss for allowing the Bill to pass through its second reading upon certain conditions, which the Government had agreed to accept. These conditions were, that an Address should be presented to the Crown, asking for an Autumn Session of Parliament to consider the Redistribution Bill, which Ministers have undertaken to bring in as early as possible. This motion of Lord Wemyss, seconded by the Earl of Shaftesbury, was encountered by the Earl of Cadogan with an amendment requiring that the Franchise Bill, as well as the Redistribution Bill, should be considered together at the Autumn Session; and this was seconded by the Earl of Dunraven. After a debate of scarcely three hours, in which the Marquis of Salisbury again spoke, and was answered by Earl Granville, the motion of Lord Wemyss, being in effect a renewed motion for the second reading of the Bill, was negatived by 182 votes against 132, and Lord Cadogan's amendment passed without a division. The Sketches, by our own Artist, of many striking figures and incidents in their Lordships' House, presented on two pages of this Journal, refer to both the debates above mentioned; beginning with the introduction of the Bill, on the first occasion, by the Earl of Kimberley, when it was supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Rosebery, and others; but was opposed by Lord Cairns and Lord Salisbury, and by the Peers of the Conservative Party in general, with whom Lord Brabourne, formerly in office under a Liberal Administration, took part in the present instance. Lord Tennyson, voting for the first time, was in favour of the Bill. A crowd of members of the House of Commons is seen at the Bar listening to the debate; and more than one familiar figure will be recognised among these, or in the rush across the Central Lobby to carry the news of the division to their leaders in their own House. The remaining sketches belong to the short debate of Thursday week; they show Lord Wemyss in the act of moving, and the venerable Earl of Shaftesbury seconding, the conciliatory resolution which the Peers did not choose to adopt; the Earl of Cadogan proposing his amendment, which Lord Dunraven seconded; and Lord Salisbury, in the same uncompromising attitude as before, refusing to pass the Bill. The Duke of Norfolk, who had voted against the amendment of Lord Cairns, and thus practically in favour of the Bill, in the Division of Tuesday, the 8th inst., now explained his reasons for voting against the Bill upon the motion of Lord Wemyss, because he thought it would be injurious to the dignity of their Lordships' House to alter its decision. This feeling seems to have exerted much influence in the voting upon the second occasion, and still more in some abstaining from a vote which would have set the dispute at rest. In the galleries above were many Peeresses, including Countess Granville, the Marchioness of Salisbury, with her daughter Lady Mary Cecil, and Countess Spencer.

H.M.S. HECATE AT SEA.

The double-screw iron armour-plated turret-ship Hecate, lately equipped for service, is now at sea with the Reserve Squadron, on an experimental cruise; and some anxiety is felt by nautical experts, considering the peculiarities of her construction, especially the huge proportions of the central elevated deck. We have received from a naval correspondent the Sketch we have engraved, showing the actual situation of the ship on the 15th inst., while on her passage to Heligoland in a rather high sea; and it certainly does not look very safe. The remembrance of that terrible disaster which befel the turret-ship Captain in the Bay of Biscay, in September, 1870, has not yet passed away from the public mind. It is, in the opinion of many persons, doubtful whether the Hecate should not be confined entirely to coast defence service, for which she was originally designed.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

The competitions for the Queen's Prize claim first notice. In the shooting at the 500 yards range in the first stage, on the 16th inst., Private Day, 6th Lancashire, Quartermaster Beeching, of the St. George's Rifles, and Private Ellett, 1st Somerset, each made highest possible scores, and the shooting generally showed considerable improvement. Shooting at the three ranges in the first stage was completed on the 17th inst. The 300 highest scores included two with a score of 92, Private Mackon, 1st Guernsey Militia, and Sergeant Ritchie, 1st Renfrew; four with 91; two with 90; nine with 88; five with 87; and twelve with 86. On Saturday last the Sixty who were privileged to take part in the final competition were selected, Sergeant Taylor, of the 1st Lanarkshire, making the top score among the 300 competitors, and gaining the Silver Medal and £60. Her Majesty's Prize was won on Tuesday, after what may fairly be called a "gallant" contest, by Private Gallant, of the 8th Middlesex (Hounslow) Rifles. His score was 110; and scores of 109 were made by Sergeant Taylor, 1st Lanark, and Corporal Parry, 2nd Cheshire.

Among the other competitions brought to a close at the time we went to press with our early edition are the following:—Corporal Dickenson, 2nd Lincoln, made the highest score for the Martini Challenge Cup. For the Windmill Prize, Sergeant Helton, 2nd Renfrew, Sergeant Hallows, 3rd West Riding Regiment, and Sergeant Tovey, 13th Middlesex, tied, with totals of 66 each out of a possible 70. The St. George's Challenge Vase was won for his corps by Private Osborne, 1st Warwick, who takes also the dragon cup and the gold jewel. Sergeant Harries, 1st Pembroke, took the silver jewel and the second prize. The Prince of Wales's Prize was won by Captain Young, 2nd Renfrew, whose county team also took the China Challenge Cup. The 3rd Lanark won the Belgian Challenge Cup, and the 2nd Midlothian the Battalion Sweepstakes. For the Vizianagram Challenge Cup the Commons were victorious, beating the Lords' team by 63 points. The Mullins Prize, for shooting at moving targets representing men, was won by the Berkshire team. The United Hospital Challenge Cup was carried off by St. Thomas's, and the first prize in the Albert competition was taken by Major Young. Eton was the winner of the Public Schools Veterans' Match; a squad of bluejackets, from H.M.S. Excellent, won the Brinsmead Challenge Shield; the Duke of Cambridge's prize was won by Major Young, 21st Middlesex; Sergeant Gilder, 9th Middlesex, took the Martini-Henry Wimbledon Cup; and the Kolapore Cup was won by the Canadians.

At a meeting of Scotchmen held in the camp of the London Scottish it was resolved to establish in Scotland a Scottish National Rifle Association.

THE COURT.

The Queen visited Claremont on Saturday, and was with the Duchess of Albany when she gave birth to a son. Her Royal Highness and her child are doing well. The Queen remained at Claremont on Sunday, returning to Windsor on Monday evening. On Tuesday she paid another visit to Claremont, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty sent a message of condolence and sympathy to the survivors and to the relatives of those who lost their lives in the terrible railway accident at Penistone. The Queen has telegraphed to President Arthur congratulating him upon the rescue of some members of the Greely Expedition; and he has replied, thanking her Majesty for her congratulations, and again expressing his appreciation for the steamer Alert, which was presented to the United States by England for the use of the relief expedition.

The Prince of Wales was present at a meeting of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, at 8, Richmond-terrace, in the morning of Friday, last week. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, visited the Queen at Windsor Castle in the afternoon; and in the evening the Prince and Princess went to Viscountess Folkestone's concert in aid of the funds of the People's Entertainment Society, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The Prince arrived at Aylesbury last Saturday afternoon on a visit to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon. On Monday the Prince and Princess, with their daughters, witnessed, from a window of Lord Carrington's house in Parliament-street, the vast procession of working men on their way to the Reform Demonstration in Hyde Park, the Royal pair bowing graciously to the applauding people. In the evening the Prince and Princess and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz honoured the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry by their presence at dinner at Londonderry House, Park-lane. The Prince was present at a meeting of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes at 8, Richmond-terrace, on Tuesday morning, and went to the House of Lords in the afternoon. On Wednesday evening their Royal Highnesses honoured with their presence a grand fête given at the International Health Exhibition in aid of the London hospitals, and Madame Christine Nilsson's annual concert at the Royal Albert Hall. The Prince will preside at a meeting in the Guildhall next Friday, Aug. 1, to commemorate the abolition of slavery in the British possessions, which took place just fifty years ago, on Aug. 1, 1834. The Prince and Princess will visit Newcastle-on-Tyne on Aug. 19 and 20, and will be guests of Sir Wm. Armstrong. Their Royal Highnesses are to open a park, a public library, a museum, and a dock.

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, accompanied by their daughters, Victoria, Sophie, and Margarethe, left Berlin last Wednesday on a visit to the Queen. They will reside at Buckingham Palace, while staying in London. The Crown Prince will return in the middle of August to Germany to take part in the military manoeuvres.

Princess Christian on Tuesday opened a new home for training nurses in connection with the Marylebone Infirmary at Notting-hill.

The Duchess of Cambridge completed her eighty-seventh year on Friday, the 25th inst.

Mr. Alfred Wills, Q.C., has been appointed a Judge, in the room of Mr. Justice Watkin Williams.

The Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, K.C.M.G., C.B., has been appointed High Commissioner for Canada.

Mr. Taylor has been chosen Common Councillor for the ward of Cordwainer.

A concert was held on Tuesday, by permission of Earl and Countess Cowper, at 4, St. James's-square, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, in aid of the Charles Lowder Sisterhood.

The All-England Lawn-Tennis Championship Meeting concluded last Saturday, when Miss Watson became the ladies' champion, and Messrs. Renshaw won the four-handed match—in both cases valuable prizes accompanying the titles.

THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

Next Week's Number of the Illustrated London News will consist of Two Whole Sheets, devoted chiefly to Illustrations of the International Health Exhibition. The Number will contain a highly-interesting Article on the Exhibition, written by Mr. Sala; and a Tinted Picture of the Old London Street in the Exhibition will be presented gratis.

Now ready, elegantly bound in cloth gilt,
VOL. 84 ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,
Price 20s.; in Paper Covers, 15s.

CASES, for binding above 2s. 6d. each.
PORTFOLIOS, to hold Six Months' Numbers ... 4s. 6d. "
READING-CASES, for single Number 2s. 6d. "
198, Strand, W.C.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great work is now ON VIEW, together with Commemorative CISEL'S Picture of CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GALERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—TWELFTH NIGHT, EVERY EVENING at 8.15. Malvolio, Mr. Henry Irving; Viola, Miss Ellen Terry. "Twelfth Night" is not inferior in attractiveness to any former Shakespearian revival at the Lyceum, the house being crowded from floor to ceiling every night. Morning Post, July 21. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurs) open Ten to Five.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING at a Quarter to Eight, the Playgirlism in Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTPENCE. At a Quarter-past Eight, a New Play, in a prologue and three acts, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. Seats may be booked a month in advance.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS. The Oldest Established and the most Popular Entertainment in London. THE NEW AND BRILLIANT PROGRAMME. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, AND SATURDAYS, THREE AND EIGHT. TWO SPECIAL PERFORMANCES ON BANK HOLIDAY. Prices, 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s. No fees. Open 2.30 for Day Performances; 7.30 for Night.

VITREMANIE.—An easy and inexpensive method of decorating windows in churches, public buildings, and private houses, by which may be produced the rich colouring and beautiful designs equal in appearance to real stained glass. Handbook of Designs and full Instructions, 1s. 1d. Particulars post-free. Windows decorated to order from 3s. per foot. Sole Inventors, J. BARNARD and SON, 233, Oxford-street, London, W.

ENAMEL COLOURS, GUTTA PERCHA, and every requisite for imitating Dresden China. Lists free. J. BARNARD and SON, 233, Oxford-street, W.

IMPORTANT.—A Lady wishes to DISPOSE of (privately) her complete set of old English pattern ELECTRO-PLATED SPOONS and FORKS, quite new, never used; stamped A 1 quality; the set comprises one dozen each table spoons and forks, dessert spoons and forks, and teaspoons; sixty pieces in all. To an immediate purchaser the low sum of 45s. will be accepted for the entire lot.—Mrs. MACGREGOR, care of Messrs. Drallim and Oliver, 18, Ironmonger-lane, Cheapside, E.C., where the plate may be seen, or can be sent on approval.

SCOTLAND BY THE WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE. LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.—THE SUMMER SERVICE OF PASSENGER TRAINS from LONDON to SCOTLAND is now in operation.

London (Euston Station)	Edinburgh	Glasgow	Greenock	Oban	Perth	Dundee	Week Days.			A			B		
							a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
.. dep.	5.15	7.15	10.0	11.0	8.0	8.50	7.0	7.50	10.0	11.0	8.0	8.50	7.0	7.50	10.0
.. arr.	4.10	5.50	7.55	10.0	6.25	6.45	9.0	9.15	11.15	6.35	6.55	9.0	9.15	11.15	6.35
.. dep.	4.20	6.0	8.0	9.0	6.35	6.55	9.0	9.15	11.15	6.35	6.55	9.0	9.15	11.15	6.35
.. arr.	3.30	5.15	7.15	9.0	5.45	6.05	8.0	8.15	10.15	5.55	6.15	8.0	8.15	10.15	5.55
.. dep.	9.45	—	—	—	4.45	5.15	12.15	12.30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
.. arr.	6.50	—	—	—	9.35	11.50	8.0	8.15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
.. dep.	7.30	—	—	—	10.30	1.0	9.0	9.15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

The HIGHLAND EXPRESS (8.0 p.m.) leaves Euston every night (Saturdays excepted), and is due at Greenock in time to enable passengers to join the steamers to the Western Coast of Scotland. It also arrives at Perth in time to enable passengers to breakfast there before proceeding northwards. The TRAIN will RUN SPECIALLY on SATURDAY, AUG. 9.

From July 14 to Aug. 11 (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) an additional Express-Train will leave Euston Station at 7.30 p.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland. This train will convey special parties, horses, and carriages.

A Does not run to Greenock or Oban on Sunday mornings.

B Does not run beyond Edinburgh and Glasgow on Sunday mornings.

Day saloons fitted with lavatory accommodation are attached to the 10 a.m. down express-train from Euston to Edinburgh and Glasgow, &c., without extra charge.

IMPROVED SLEEPING-SALOONS, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, and Perth. Extra charge, 6s. for each berth.

CALLANDER AND OBAN LINE.

The line to Oban affords the quickest and most comfortable route to the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

For particulars of up-train service from Scotland to London, see the Companies' time bills.

G. FINDLAY, General Manager, L. and N. W. Railway.
J. THOMSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

July, 1884.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—SCOTLAND.—Summer Service of Trains to Scotland by the MIDLAND ROUTE. The HIGHLAND EXPRESS (8.0 p.m. from St. Pancras) is now running.

London (St. Pancras)	Glasgow (St. Enoch)	Greenock	Edinburgh (Waverley)	Perth	Oban	Aberdeen	Inverness	Week Days.			Sun.		
								a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
.. dep.	5.15	10.35	8.0	—	9.15	9.15	9.15	5.15	10.35	8.0	—	9.15	9.15
.. arr.	4.35	8.55	—	—	7.40	7.40	7.40	5.55	9.15	—	—	8.12	8.12
.. dep.	5.55	9.40	—	—	8.25	8.25	8.25	6.55	11.50	8.25	—	9.55	9.55
.. arr.	3.45	8.40	—	—	7.25	7.25	7.25	6.20	11.50	8.25	—	9.55	9.55
.. dep.	9.20	11.50	8.25	—	9.55	9.55	9.55	4.45	12.15	9.55	—	12.34	12.34
.. arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3.20	11.40	9.55	—	12.34	12.34
.. dep.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3.20	11.40	9.55	—	12.34	12.34
.. arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3.0	1.30	6.20	—	6.20	6.20

The Train leaving St. Pancras at 10.35 a.m. on Saturdays has no connection with Inverness on Sunday mornings. B.—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 on Saturday nights has no connection with Greenock, Oban, or places north of Edinburgh on Sunday mornings.

C.—Pullman Sleeping-Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Perth. D.—Pullman Drawing-Room Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow. E.—Pullman Sleeping-Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow Daily, also to Greenock except on Saturday nights.

These Cars are well ventilated, fitted with Lavatory, &c., and accompanied by a Special Attendant. First Class Passengers travel in the Drawing-room Cars attached to Day Expresses. Extra payment for Pullman Cars. For Berth in Sleeping-Car the charge is in addition to the First Class fare.

The Evening Express leaving London at 9.15 p.m. reaches Greenock in time to enable Passengers to join the COLUMBA or IONA steamers for the Highlands. A Through Carriage is run from LONDON to Greenock by this Train; also by the 10.35 a.m. from St. Pancras.

For particulars of Up-Train Service from Scotland to London see Time Tables issued by the Company.

JOHN NOBLE, General Manager, Midland Railway.
Derby, July, 1884.

GOODWOOD RACES.—GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, and MONDAY, JULY 28, SPECIAL FAST TRAINS from VICTORIA, for Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant (for Hayling Island), and Portsmouth (for Southsea and the Isle of Wight).

Special Trains, for Servants, Horses, and Carriages only, will leave Victoria Saturday, July 26, at 7.50 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.; and Monday, July 28, at 6.45 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Horses and Carriages for the above stations will not be conveyed by any other trains from Victoria on these days.

ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES A SPECIAL TRAIN (First, Second, and Third Class) will leave Kensington 7.10 a.m., Victoria 7.30 a.m., London Bridge 7.35 a.m.

SPECIAL EXPRESS-TRAIN (First and Second Class) will leave Kensington 8.45 a.m., Victoria 9.0 a.m., and London Bridge 9.5 a.m. Return Fares, 25s. and 20s.

AN EXTRA SPECIAL EXPRESS-TRAIN (First Class Only) will leave Victoria 9.45 a.m. Return Fare, 30s.

FOURTEENTHLY TICKETS for the Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Race Meetings.—First-Class Tickets (not transferable, available from Saturday, July 26, to Saturday, Aug. 9, inclusive. Price Five Pounds.

TICKETS for the Special Trains, also the Fourteenthly Tickets, may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations; also at the West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square, which offices will remain open till 10.0 p.m. on July 25, 26, 28, 30, and 31, and Aug. 1 and 2.

(By order, J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—An

IMPROVED SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldersburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.

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CLOCKS, SCENT BOTTLES, OPERA GLASSES, FANS,



DRAWN BY HAL LUDLOW.

What was this nestling among the white and pink bloom? A scrap of paper. She opened it, and read—

ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

CHAPTER VII. THE PINK DAHLIA.



It was Tamzin who recalled Francis Carew to earth by suggesting the neighbourhood of the scullery, where he achieved so much of a toilet as was possible under the circumstances. This over, he doubted for a long moment whether he would not make his way straight back to Hornacombe as fast as his legs would carry him. It was strange: but some occult instinct seemed bidding him fly at once from some impalpable danger—and besides, when he realised the contrast he, even at his best, would present with Captain Quickset, he felt it easier to stand up to a dozen men of his own size than to face Miss Openshaw's cups and saucers. But never yet did fear or shyness prevail to drive in one direction when bright eyes and sweet words were drawing in the other.

Feeling much as if Parson Pengold had actually sent him to jail, or, to speak more truly, to transportation, the young man, who, save to his mother, had never spoken to a lady since he was born, tramped heavily into the breakfast parlour, a prey to all the demons who torment the Shy, save and except the arch-demon of impudence alone. It was not an unpleasant little room—plain and homely, but with more signs of refinement than were to be looked for in the vicarage of so very rough a sheep-dog as Parson Pengold. The long, low, lattice window, above a broad, cushioned seat, commanded the whole stretch of moorland to the east, and so received the whole of the morning sun. An open corner cupboard displayed the Parson's best china, after the manner of the most modern fashion in drawing-rooms: the few chairs, no two alike, would have excited the envy of the furniture-hunter: a piece of fine needlework hung over a frame, as if just carelessly thrown by; and here and there, on a shelf or two, or above the fire-place, were signs that Stoke Juliot stood where many ships go down—there were even weapons of strange make, and barbarous images and scraps of curious carving, such as sailors bring home for mothers, sweethearts, and wives, and are apt to come to shore when the rest of the cargo, hope, and life, and love, and thoughts of home, go to feed the hunger of the sea. It was a somewhat gruesome gathering to meditate over: but then, at Stoke Juliot, men, and women too, took a purely commercial view of such matters, holding that the only winds which blow nobody any good are the winds which blow nobody else any harm. One sea-relic, however (if such it was), was something that Francis Carew, though every cottage had fellows to all the rest, had never seen anywhere before. This was a large crucifix, of ebony and ivory, hung prominently in the centre of one of the walls, over a vase of pink and white dahlias. The breakfast table, drawn close to the window seat

and covered with a fine white cloth, tempted the shyest of men to appetite with the scent and sight of crisp bacon, golden eggs, brown bread, and a profusion of cream: and here, once more, was Mabel Openshaw, gracious and smiling, and dressed—but here Francis Carew's powers of observation failed. No man was likely to notice her clothes while she herself was in them. Say, like the morning: or like a dazzling white rose: or like anything else, if aught else there be, more bright, winsome, and pure.

Even Captain Quickset, lounging in the window and smiling over her hand, looked, for once, in the way. Francis even began to perceive certain flaws in the perfection of his brilliant friend: especially in the constancy of his smile and in the delicate whiteness of his hands.

"Now, Mr. Carew," said Miss Openshaw, gaily, and with none of the shyness that used, in country places, to be considered the first duty of a young woman to a strange young man, "sit down at once—here, opposite Captain Quickset. You must be starving. You must help me to apologise to your friend for our poor country fare."

"You are laughing at me, Miss Openshaw," said the Captain, as Francis made an awkward plunge at the nearest and most inconvenient chair, trying to find an answer, and finding the simplest answer stick in his throat like a bone—"You are laughing at me—gad, you are. You can't imagine what a treat such simple luxuries as these are after: round of breakfasts with a Marquis fellow, who will stuff one with ortolans, or a week with my friend Joe Norris—Sir Joseph Norris, you know—who, on my honour, was so put to it for something new that at last we had to fall back on salted gherkins dressed in strong verjuice, and stuffed in red pepper and cloves. Not that I'm an epicure: it doesn't do for a soldier to be a slave, but to the fair. I can feast to-day on

fig-peckers and tokay—to-morrow on a crust and a drink of small beer: I'm at home, gad, everywhere."

Indeed, so it seemed: and Francis Carew only wished he could feel so too.

"And you have really been spending a night in the woods, Mr. Carew?" asked Miss Openshaw.

"Oh, that's nothing!" broke in Captain Quickset. "I have spent nights in much stranger places—hundreds of times. I have been whole nights in India: to say nothing of frost and snow, with the enemy's bullets falling like hailstones all the time."

"And is there really a Cowcumber Jack?" asked she. "Or is he only another sort of old Horneck—a bogey of the woods, just as old Horneck is a bogey of the sands? Somehow, I can't believe in old Horneck: I can't indeed. But is Cowcumber Jack really true?"

"It puts me in mind," struck in Captain Quickset again, before Francis had time to gather his tongue together, "It puts me in mind of the ghost at my old friend Joe's place in the north—Sir Joseph Norris, you know. Of course, you and I, Miss Openshaw, are far too enlightened to believe in nursery tales; but down in the north they are pretty near as superstitious as here: not quite, of course, but pretty near. There was a ghost there kept everybody in a panic—dressed in white, with rattling chains and fiery eyes. It used to walk along a certain passage; and not a soul that had ever set eyes on it had lived to tell the tale."

"That was strange!" said Mabel.

"Wasn't it? Well—I said I'd be in that passage all alone at midnight, and see what happened: all in the dark and all alone. You must own it wanted nerve, whether one believed or no: but then I'm famous for nerve—and there was a girl in the house, Miss Openshaw, for whose sake I would have faced a whole army of hobgoblins: in short, whom I regarded as the loveliest and most adorable of her sex—until yesterday, and to-day. Nobody, not even Dick Pelham, who by one consent is the bravest officer in the three kingdoms—at least, of his own standing, had been able to bring himself to that scratch, though he added no end of Dutch courage to his own, and had wagered five hundred guineas: ten to one. When the clock struck twelve he heard a jingling: and he turned tail."

"And what did happen?" asked Miss Openshaw.

"To me? Why, the scampering of rats, and my own image in a mirror, turned white by the moon. And it is my fixed opinion that old Horneck, whoever he may be, is a ghost of the same kidney: and Cowcumber Jack too."

"Then there you're wrong, Quickset!" broke in Francis at last, and glad of the chance of contradicting his friend flatly. "Whether there's ghosts or not, 'tis not fit for them that haven't seen them to say. But that Cowcumber Jack's real I can swear: for I was taken in his company."

He had not meant to speak of his adventure; but the temptation to give his hero a putting down in the presence of his heroine was too strong to be resisted. Nor was Mabel Openshaw the first of her sex who had come between friends.

"Really!" exclaimed she. "And what kind of a?"

"He lives in Sir Miles Heron's woods, and mine," said Francis, "all alone. He wears as little clothes as a man can wear. He can shoot better than Quickset. He lives on what he kills, drinks nothing but bog-water, and smokes dry herbs. He talks in verses; but what they mean nobody can understand. He has no name, and no friends. He has never been out of the woods but twice, when he went to jail. And yet he is just as real as I."

"Frank," said the Captain, shaking his head, "I must keep you better company, next time. You drank my share of the claret as well as your own; and then strolled into the wood to cool your head, and fell asleep, and had a dream. I never saw such a man, this side the sea; though, of course, it's nothing wonderful in the country where the savages are—in what's-the-name. No wonder you were had up for a vagabond, if that's the way you were found. Gad, Frank, you looked like the king of all the beggars when you first came in."

"I was as sober as I am now," said Francis, stung out of his shyness. There was certainly something offensive about Captain Quickset's wit which he had never perceived before. "And I'm no more likely to see ghosts than you are. And maybe we have quite as curious things in Stoke Juliot as in the land of what's-the-name."

Captain Quickset, without ceasing to smile, whistled knowingly and softly, and lifted his eyes to Miss Openshaw's.

"I have heard of Cowcumber Jack," said she, "ever since I was a very little girl—almost as long, I think, as of old Horneck of the sands. Sometimes I think he's real, and sometimes I think he isn't; and sometimes I think Mr. Pengold knows, but won't tell. I was so disappointed to find that you were not the creature I've been dying to see, ever since I left off being afraid to go up the combe for fear he should jump on me out of the bracken. . . . And so you have seen him, Mr. Carew, with your own very eyes! Is he so very terrible? What does he look like—please?"

"Well," began Francis, "I suppose he looked like about what a man would who lived all alone in the woods?"

"But I mean is he handsome? Is he young? Is he?"

"I can't tell you that, Miss Openshaw," said Francis. "I didn't look at him in that way. But he is as active as a greyhound."

"We men," broke in Captain Quickset, beginning to miss his own music, "we men don't take much account of one another's faces. We leave that to your charming sex, Miss Openshaw: we do as we would be done by," he added, with a glance full of illustration.

Mabel coloured ever so slightly as she smiled; for finely-dressed compliments did not come in her way every day. "I know he is handsome," said she. "And he must have a history. Handsome young men do not run away and hide themselves in the woods for nothing—and all alone! It is what they used to do, of course, once upon a time; the saints used to, and the outlaws. But I can't imagine a saint in Stoke Juliot: and Robin Hood had Maid Marian. This man has either had his heart broken, or else he has done some dreadful deed. I vow and declare I would give one of my eyes to have a good look at him with the other. I was so disappointed to see you, Mr. Carew, instead of Cowcumber Jack—no: I don't mean that, of course; but you know what I do mean. I don't often set my heart on anything, but when I do—"

"But when you do," said Captain Quickset, "it is done. I am here."

Francis said nothing. But he was in that serious condition when one takes all things seriously—even a woman's least caprice, if only that woman be she. So he was pondering how he might best obtain her a sight of Cucumber Jack; and he pondered so deeply about how to please her as to make her think him deaf and dull.

It is true Captain Quickset had the advantage of him in longer acquaintance, which he had the knack of ripening very quickly into intimacy; but it would have been the same if both the young men were in Mabel's presence for the first time—every lover knows what it means to hear some fluent tongue ready with the things he feels too deeply to find words

for, and to see how easy it is for all to win. Her smiles save himself alone. Does it seem soon to speak of Francis Carew as Mabel Openshaw's lover, with a right to jealousy? Then, however it may seem, it is nothing of the kind—unless, indeed, the blockheads are right who measure time by such meaningless symbols as minutes, or hours, or years. One man may die at fourscore without having been alive an hour; another at five-and-twenty, and have had ten years of life for every year of the sun. How long had he known Mabel Openshaw? Five minutes—ten—fifteen? Possibly, by Parson Pengold's kitchen clock; but then that clock was notoriously always wrong.

So these three talked, or rather Captain Quickset talked, until Parson Pengold rolled in to proclaim that the red cow was better, and that he had as fine a litter of young pigs to show Mr. Carew as any in the county. Francis rose: there was nothing for it but to obey such a summons—even though Quickset had the presence of mind to excuse himself, and thus remained alone with Miss Openshaw. Why should love for ever deprive a man of the wits he most needs, and always just when he most needs them? They say it is different with women; and so the rule is all the more grossly unfair.

Leaving that breakfast-parlour was like returning to that world of sullen emptiness whence he had come. But, even while standing in mire, and leaning over the fence of the Parson's not over cleanly hog-sties, he knew that the outer world was henceforth never more to be the same—that it had become glorified: Parson, pigs, and all. Mabel Openshaw had spoken; and all things were made new. It was not Francis Carew who had been wasting vague thoughts yesterday upon a common peasant girl—that had been another man.

"A nice lot, aren't they?" asked Parson Pengold. "The young fool that's to marry Tamzin was here to see his lass yesterday—a good judge of pigs, farmer, confound him, though he be; and he offered six shillings a head for the litter. So I know they're worth three times that, any day. But it needs a scholar, and a gentleman, really to understand pigs, Mr. Carew, or for pigs really to understand him. Did it ever strike you who Homer (the grandest of scholars and gentlemen) intended to be the most striking figure in the Odyssey? Ulysses, you would say? Not at all. It was Eumæus, the swineherd—the only mortal in Ithaca who had the brains to recognise the King when he came home. Homer knew what he was about; and didn't make Eumæus a swineherd for nothing, you may swear. And why did Circe, in the same great poem, transform the sailors into swine? Commentators say, by way of allegory—to show what drunkenness makes of men—especially sailors. But commentators, as usual, are fools. To make a pig of a man is to raise him; as the commentators would soon have found out if they'd had to live among Stoke Juliot farmers, and to look to tithes for a living. When I was a raw lad at Oxford, I little thought I was going to be another Eumæus—but so things go, lad, and you may get to know the good in pigs, not counting what they gain in guineas and save in housekeeping, by the time you're as old as I. . . . *Panta couis, cai panta getös, cai panta to mēden!* You've no idea what good eating there is on a spare-rib, one of my own breeding, and roasted as I've taught Tamzin how."

"Yes," said Francis Carew. "Yes—she is, indeed." But he was answering himself: and he meant neither spare-rib nor Tamzin. For, to tell the truth, he had not heard a single word.

"She?" echoed Parson Pengold. "Oh, I see—you are connecting the spare-rib with the creation of Eve. Talking of that—who is Captain Quickset? He's queer cattle to meet with down here."

"A friend of mine—that's all," said Francis, rather shortly. "He was travelling in the King's service, and met with an accident—got thrown from his horse, and sprained his ankle. I suppose it's getting right now."

"The King's service, eh? Then he's really thick with all those bishops and lords?"

"It's easy to see that," said Francis, a little sharply. "Clown and clodhopper as I am, I can see the difference between him and me."

"You didn't know him, then, before his ankle fell sprained?"

"No."

"Hm! Then Well, well. 'If a word be worth one shekel, silence is worth two,' as the Rabbins say. I forget the exact Hebrew; but I'll look it out for you when we go indoors. Let him be: time will show. But I may say to a near neighbour, Sir, that Mabel!"

The young man's ears woke up at last. "Miss Openshaw?"

"Does not think much of Captain Quickset. And though the Rabbins say again, 'Sooner look for an ass to climb a ladder than for wisdom in a woman,' still that girl has very remarkable wits of her own. She can make egg-flip that would do the cockles of your heart good even to dream of on a winter morning. She never liked the looks of old Daniel Brock; and she turned out right, for a more un-titheous miscreant never farmed an acre."

"Oh, Quickset is the best of good fellows!" exclaimed Francis, his heart all at once taking a flight sky-high. "And, besides, his sprain's well now, and he'll soon be gone. But—may I ask how Miss Openshaw is related to you? It is shamefully ignorant of me: but till to-day I have known no more of my neighbours than if I were deaf and blind: as indeed, Sir, I have been—till to-day."

"Nothing," said the Parson, flushing hotly. "No relation at all. I suppose all the parish thinks me an old fool, eh? And may be I am. I don't deny it, Mr. Carew. But when a little live thing turned up on Hornacombe Sands among the flotsam and jetsam—you understand—spared even by the winds and waves, I couldn't refuse it house-room: I couldn't indeed. I should have given house-room to a young pig—and, after all, a pig isn't so much better than a girl as that would come to. There—that's all. She don't cost me much—and I can't very well turn her out of doors now. Come and see the red cow."

"We must be friends, Parson!" cried Francis, holding out his hand. "Can't turn her out? I should think not, indeed. And not give a home to a child, a girl—like that, cast up from the sea at your, our, very doors? I should like to hear somebody blame you for that: I'd let him have my fist in another way. So you are her, Miss Openshaw's, father, and more? No, Parson: it's I have been the fool. . . . We will be friends. And I'll come to church every Sunday: if I don't, I'm—"

"Not a-fore the pigs, my lad," said Parson Pengold. "They never do it: and how would you like to hear a pig swear? Do as you'd be done by; and never swear except at a farmer. Come and see the red cow. Mabel don't care much for pigs; but she'd break her heart if anything happened to the red cow."

Then, all at once, Francis Carew felt a genuine interest in the Parson's cow; and he no longer felt weighted with the jealousy he had brought with him to the pig-stye. The relief was about as unreasonable as the burden; but then that is love's way.

Nor when, in company with his new friend, he returned to the parlour for a parting horn of ale, could he feel dissatisfied with the distance at which Captain Quickset was keeping from Mabel Openshaw—from Mabel, unsumamed, as he must henceforth think of her now. She had resumed her needlework; he was examining one of the outlandish daggers over the chimney, opening its blade and letting it close with a spring. Francis had never seen anything more lovely, not even sunrise itself, than her rosy glow; and he wondered, for once, that the fine gentleman could, while basking in the very breath of such beauty, retain his chronic smile. Francis himself felt far from smiling—a dream of happiness rose from his heart into his throat; it wellnigh brought moisture to his eyes as he pictured to himself a historic storm of some twenty years ago, when the waves and the rocks between them crushed and sank a noble West Indiaman, and left nothing for the hungry wreckers of Stoke Juliot but a baby girl. His heart warmed to the Parson, and his soul glowed for the girl.

"Have you made friends with all the live stock?" asked she. "Next time you come, I must be your guide, and you must see my flowers."

A sudden courage came upon him.

"I have no flowers at Hornacombe," said he; "not one. And there are so many in this room. May I not take one home—just one, to—to—" He knew what he meant; but it was not so easy to say; and before Quickset, too, with that everlasting smile.

But Mabel Openshaw smiled also, in quite another way. Then, quite gravely, she took a dahlia from a vase, the very largest she could find, and gave it to him with a sweeping courtesy. There might have been jest in all this, for a prodigiously large pink dahlia is scarcely the kind of gift-blossom that a man can carry in his coat, or cares to carry in his hand. But, if there were mischief, Francis Carew saw none. He only knew that to him she had given a flower, and to Captain Quickset none. He very nearly ventured upon bringing his lips within eighteen inches of her wonderful hand.

If Francis Carew of Monday be found irreconcilable in mind, speech, and act with the Francis Carew of Sunday; if the man who could really think and feel and fancy, and sentimentalise over flowers and sunrise, and grow enthusiastic over even Parson Pengold and a red cow, cannot be thought compatible with the dull, dreary, sullen, spiritless being whose one occupation was to be bored—what then? Francis Carew had changed in an hour; and the world had changed with him. And Mabel Openshaw had done it all.

CHAPTER VIII.

LATET ANGUIS IN HERBÂ.

"At last!" yawned Quickset, before the two friends were fairly out of sight of the Vicarage chimney. "On my honour of a gentleman, Frank, never have I been so confoundedly bored in all my days. What bores—what bores! Listen to my story of yesterday, and pity me. First, I had to eat as much ox as if I were my whole Company rolled into one: and all the time to listen to a lot of lingo that Mabel herself wouldn't understand. Then to regale my nose with the Parson's pigs—faugh! Oceans of Hungry-water won't wash it away. Then to tea with Miss—a prettyish piece of goods, but not to be named in a day with the little thing I saw in church yesterday. It was hard work—she knew nothing about anybody or anything; and wanted more compliments paid her than a Court beauty. I wanted to come back to you: but it was dark, and the cliffs are awkward, and they were so confoundedly hospitable or something that they wouldn't let me have guide or lantern. Well, well—they must be pardoned: gentlemen in the King's service don't grow on every bush about here. I was too weary to resist, Frank, or else too good natured. I had to stay. Lucky dog that you are—with all sorts of fun, while I was nodding over a parson's teatray. Cowcumber Jack, indeed—I know what that means, Frank: next time I've been making a night of it with a bottle and a pretty girl and have to show up next morning at an Archbishop's with a torn jacket and a black eye, I'll set up a Cowcumber Jack too. Y-a-a-wn! You may pay me ten guineas now, Frank. I've won 'em fair—and hard."

Never before had Captain Quickset seemed so good a fellow as now. Francis did not wish his country beauty to be admired by this man of fashion: and this dislike at first sight between his hero and heroine was what he would have prayed for. So he felt no call to defend his new friends, only feeling that such depreciation made them the more entirely his own; nor any to point out that on so moon-lit a night guides and lanterns were not required to keep even a stranger in the safe and easy path between the church and Hornacombe. Nor did he feel called upon to interrupt the flow of talk with which the Captain now beguiled the road. He was thinking of how he could fulfil his lady's whim of seeing Cucumber Jack without losing either of her bright eyes: how soon he might call again: how long it was to next Sunday: what excuse he could find for writing to her not later than to-morrow: how and where he could hear her spoken of—and a hundred other things. And oh, how dull and lonesome looked Hornacombe when he returned—better to live like Cucumber Jack in the green-wood than within those empty walls. Still the dahlia was something; he placed it in water by his bedside, and treated it as if that soulless creature (for fragrance is a flower's soul, just as the voice is ours) were a Queen of Roses.

But now as to Parson Pengold and Mabel Openshaw.

All the parish knew (as Francis Carew might also have known had he cared to hear) that, many years before, a large West Indiaman, called the Good Fortune, had gone utterly to pieces on Hornacombe Sands, hard by that Black Steeple where Horneck, the arch-wrecker, was supposed to be still engaged in his never-ending toil. Parson Pengold, when this happened, had not been many years in orders, and had, indeed, but just been presented to the living of Stoke Juliot by the Master and Fellows of his College at Oxford. Rust, and solitude, and uncongenial surroundings, and the want of any outlet for hope or ambition, had not then begun to do their work upon him: he was at least as strong of arms and lungs, and stronger of heart by far. He went down to the beach among his flock, not to plunder, but to save. As it happened, however, the wreck was so complete that there was nothing to plunder but a large barrel of ship biscuit, and a small child, who had been saved (as the smallest and weakest so often are when the strong perish) as if by absolute miracle. The public disappointment was, as may be supposed, extreme; and not the faintest objection was made to the Parson's taking possession of the little girl. She was old enough to speak, and said, distinctly, that her name was Mabel, and that her mother was called Mrs. Openshaw; that she had no father, nor uncles, nor aunts, nor brothers, nor sisters, so far as she knew; that she did not know where she had lived before going into the ship: that she did not know where her mother and she were going: that her mother, at home, had no friends but an old priest and a young lady, that she herself said her prayers, morning and evening with the rosary found upon her when she came ashore—"Hail, Mary"—and others which proved her mother's religion; that she crossed herself often; and that she was passionately fond of a certain sweetmeat of which she did not know the name.

These things, and others yet more trifling, the Parson noted down while they were fresh in the child's memory, and went to the expense and trouble of a journey to Bristol itself, whither the Good Fortune might have been bound, in order to make inquiries. But these were fruitless altogether. No communication with any possible place could connect any Mrs. Openshaw with any fellow-mortal, even though correspondence, and an attorney's bill besides, deprived the Parson of his stipend for half a year. There was nothing for him, at last, between sending the child adrift and practically adopting her; and it was into the latter course that, with the aid of the elderly woman who "did" for him in those days, he fell.

And that might have been his saving. Indeed, why it was not is not easy to tell—that can only be gathered from a closer knowledge of Miss Mabel Openshaw. The girl, somehow, never grew up into a daughter; she remained a sort of fairy Princess, the daughter of the Sea. Possibly the bent of the Parson had already been taken, and his nature become too hard to turn. Anyhow, her presence in the house neither softened him, nor elevated him, nor kept him from drifting into the groove that would have been natural enough had she not been there. That she was in his inmost heart even Francis Carew had been able to perceive; but then his heart had been so buried out of knowledge under a lumber of useless memories of college learning, of swine, of ale, of heavy feeding, of never-ending squabbles about tithes, and of the difficulties of making both ends meet, that scarce Mabel herself could trace her own image there. Even at Oxford he had been as odd in his ways as a young man can dare, or a penniless man can afford to be; and he had been an ambitious man, and had failed—a weak man, with whom failure is once for all. But weakness of his sort means the stubbornness which is almost invariably mistaken for strength; and which is strength of a sort, seeing that it is proof against the gentleness to which real strength is eager to yield. He grew as Mabel grew; and their growth, though in company, was in divergent lines. He influenced her as little as she influenced him; and maybe that was not worse for him than it was for her.

After all, however, what strangeness is there in father or mother, and son or daughter, falling farther apart as time goes on, and growing, each towards each, more and more alone? That is simply the story of every household on earth where the father or mother forgets that he or she was once a child. And that he was ever a child the Vicar of Stoke Juliot must have forgotten long and long ago. It was strange enough that he remembered his Greek—and even of that, at Stoke Juliot, one sonorous phrase would do duty a good many times over.

"There, Mab," said he, after he had seen the young men clear of his gate, and had come back for a horn of ale before retiring to his studies, "that lad's not so black as they paint him, after all. What do you say?"

"He was sadly scratched and torn," said she. "But as for not being so black—I don't think I ever saw anybody more so, till Tamzin scoured him down."

"I don't mean his hands," said the Parson, who was not over careful of his own. "Sabbath-breaker and dicer, and six-bottle man, and—worse, he may be; but he's a man, and there's always hope of a man. He don't chatter like a monkey; he shows respect to his elders; and if he don't know much about pigs yet, he's the sort to learn. I suppose he's a sad scamp, and last night shows he keeps bad company; and he's much too much, I hear, about Nance Der—. Hm! Give me another taste of ale. But when he reached me out his hand over the wash-trough, my heart went out to the boy. After all, he's squire of Hornacombe, and as rich as a man need. But who is Captain Quickset, after all?"

"La, what does it matter?" asked she, rearranging the dahlias that for Francis Carew's sake had been disturbed. "He is a soldier, and a beau—he comes, and goes; isn't that the way of them all?"

"But he's not gone yet, Mab; and it struck me he's vastly taken with you, while he's here; as much as young Carew with Me. I won't have any mischief done, that's all. But, well, well, as none's done yet, none need be."

"Mischief?" she asked, opening her eyes upon him with surprise.

"Yes, Mab. When I saw those two young chaps about you this morning, it was borne in on me that no man, thank God, can look to go on living in Stoke Juliot for ever—anyhow, outside the churchyard. And then, what's to be done with you? I shan't have a penny to leave. Some new Vicar will get Stoke Juliot as a set-off for his sins; and you won't have a cupboard to call your own. You can't go out to service—you mustn't, anyhow. And yet I don't care to let you go out of the parish before me. And there isn't a man that could keep you in it, before and after, but one. A woman ought to marry, Mab; and so ought a man. If you don't, you'll go to the dogs; and if Francis Carew don't he'll go to the devil. And there's no wife in Stoke Juliot for him but you, Mab, and no husband in it for you but —"

"Oh, hush, Sir!" cried she, darting to him and covering his mouth with one hand while she set his wig straight with the other. "Are you so tired of me that you want to give me away to the first country bumpkin that doesn't ask me—and, oh, to such a ragamuffin as Mr. Carew? And with such a character, and all? As if he need look far for a wife to suit him, indeed—there's Nance Derrick: or there's Tamzin, if she wasn't engaged. But—Me!" exclaimed the Princess, with the merriest laugh that could be.

"Pouf!" You gave him a dahlia, Mab —"

"As big as a warming-pan. Didn't he look laughable as he went off twirling it between his finger and thumb? I hoped he was going to stick it in his coat, or his hat—that would have been funnier still."

"But—you don't think any better of that Quickset fellow, eh?"

"As if," she said, tossing back her curls, "I should think of Captain Quickset at all. 'Tis true he is a gentleman, while the other—but oh, Sir, doesn't your Greek and your Latin tell you that girls never, never, think of such things till they come?"

"Then they ought to —"

"That's why they don't, may be! And aren't you going to live to a hundred? And what will matter what becomes of me then? Everybody lives to a hundred in Stoke Juliot, you know."

"Except the Parson—except the Parson. Care killed the cat, though she had nine lives; and a parson's got but one, and tithes are worse than care. . . . Don't marry a parson; and don't marry a farmer."

"Nor a bear: nor a beau. There: don't tease me any more till the Prince comes, and then we'll see."

She had imperious airs when she pleased, which were hard for any male creature, however used to her, to disobey. The Parson dropped into a brown study (the only sort of study in which he now indulged) and went off with his pipe to revisit the red cow, with his wig, though it had been deftly arranged not a minute ago, more awry than ever.

Mabel took up her work, but dropped it after three aimless stitches. Then she went to the window and looked out over the wide brown moor, with its bushes and bracken swept into

waves by the rising wind. But if she were looking for the Prince, she failed: none happened to be riding her way to-day. Then she half smiled, and half sighed. Was she, also, troubled with what had till this morning been the curse of Hornacombe—ennui? Then she went to the bowl of dahlias, and, having but lately rearranged it, took to disarranging it again. But what was this, nestling among the white and pink bloom?

A scrap of paper. She opened it: and read these lines:—

*"Thou deem'st I went without a Flour?
Lern then, fair Niggard that Thou art,
How those bright Suns, thine Eyes, have Power
To plant hole Gardens in my Hart!"*

Who had written them—who had left them there so cunningly, for her to find? Assuredly not Francis Carew. And therefore it must be, it could only be—

She blushed and glowed over them, though she was all alone: for were not the lines the loveliest that pencil ever misspelled? And she had inspired them. . . . Had his Highness the Prince come to Stoke Juliot, after all?

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

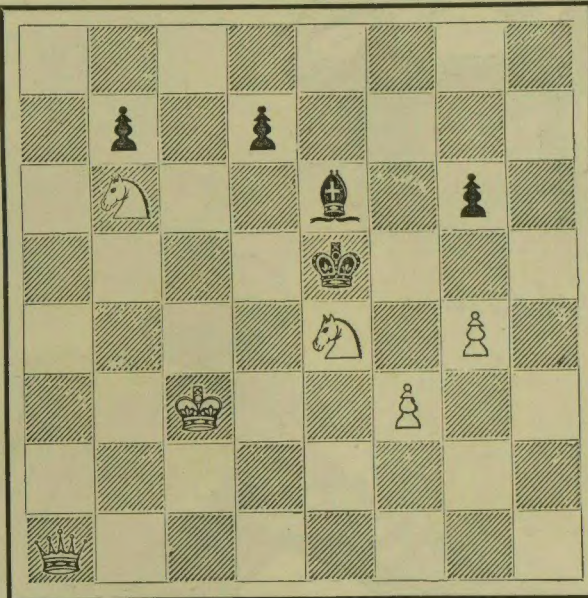
All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2100 (as amended) received from J. R. (Edinburgh), F. E. Gibbins (Tiflis), Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), Hofstede de Groot, R. H. Brooks, F. M. (Edinburgh), Alpha; of No. 2101 from J. B. Flude, G. Mail (U.M.S. Téméraire); of No. 2102 from Emile Frau, H. A. L. S. L. Falcon (Antwerp), Dr. F. St. D. Jackson, Hofstede de Groot, Venator, F. M. (Edinburgh), and Plevna; of J. Porpisi's problem, from Rev. W. Anderson and Shadforth.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2103 received from Captain Baldock, A. Bruin, Shadforth, J. K. (South Hampstead), J. T. W. Ben Nevis, C. Darragh, H. Wardell, G. S. Oldfield, M. O'Halloran, S. Lowndes, J. R. (Edinburgh), Julia Short, F. Pine Junior, H. Lucas, F. Ferris, S. Bullen, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, James Pilkington, D. W. Kel, C. S. Coxe, H. E. Awdrey, H. A. L. S. L. Falcon (Antwerp), John Hodgson (Maldstone), J. Jumbo, Gajahad, G. Joicey, A. Chapman, T. G. (Ware), E. Loudon, C. B. N. (H.M.S. Asia), T. Gaffahin Junior, F. and G. Howitt (Norwich), Charles M. Osmond, Alpha, Jupiter Junior, Aaron Harper, E. Casella (Paris), N. S. Harris, L. L. Greenaway, J. G. Anstee, R. L. Southwell, Otto Fulder (Ghent), L. Wyman, W. H. H. Blacklock, H. H. Noyes, A. W. Scrutton, G. W. Law, B. L. Dyke, An. Old Hand, Pilgrim, D. L. A. (Harrogate), Rev. W. Anderson, Carl Friedleben, Dr. F. St., R. H. Brooks, J. A. Schmucke, Emno (Darlington), John Gilt ns, W. H. L., E. E. H., Venator, Laura Greaves, A. J. Hobson, F. Sinclair, Plevna, and F. M. (Edinburgh).

PROBLEM No. 2105. By O. MAAS (Mannheim).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Owing to unusual pressure upon our space, the game and many answers to correspondents are unavoidably deferred.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The season of this establishment is to close this (Saturday) evening. Of the final performances therefore we must speak next week. The Italian version of M. Rey's "Sigurd" (produced on Tuesday week and already noticed by us) was repeated last Saturday, when the fine performances of Madame Albani and M. Jourdain—respectively as Brunhilda and Sigurd—and of Madame Fursch-Madi as Hilda, Mdle. Reggiani as Uta, M. Devoyod as Gunther, and Signor de Reszké as Hagen, as before, gave special importance to the cast. The use of reflected light on clouds of steam, to represent the fiery surroundings of Brunhilda's palace, was again a special effect, the splendour of the scenic and stage surroundings having been a repetition of features previously observable. "Sigurd" was announced for the third time on Thursday. During the past week, Verdi's "Aida" was repeated, with the transference of the title-character to Madame Helene Crosmont, who acquitted herself fairly well, considering the arduous task of sustaining a character that has often been associated with the fine performance of Madame Adelina Patti. The announcements for this week included the benefit of Madame Albani yesterday (Friday) as Margherita in "Faust," and the "Gala night" of Madame Adelina Patti for this (Saturday) evening, when "Linda di Chamouni" is to be given as the closing performance.

The annual Prize Festival of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind took place at the Crystal Palace last Saturday afternoon, when the pupils manifested the excellence of the instruction afforded them in the performance of a selection of vocal and instrumental pieces.

Madame Christine Nilsson's grand evening concert, which took place at the Royal Albert Hall this week, must be spoken of in our next number.

The Tonic Sol-Fa fête takes place at the Crystal Palace this (Saturday) afternoon.

Last year a gentleman gave £10,000 for the endowment of a National Portrait Gallery for Scotland, and he has now offered £20,000 towards erecting a building for the joint accommodation of a gallery and a museum of antiquities.

The Art Amateur, a monthly journal devoted to the cultivation of art in the household, is an excellent publication. It is published by Mr. Marks, of New York; the English agents for it being Messrs. Macfarlane, of 40, Charing-cross.

Dr. Samuel Kinns's "Moses and Geology," showing the harmony of the Bible with Science, is continually being reprinted. The seventh edition contains numerous testimonials to the scientific accuracy and general trustworthiness of the book, which the author has received from competent judges, whose names are appended.

OBITUARY.

EARL COWLEY, K.G.

The Right Hon. Henry Richard Charles Wellesley, Earl and Baron Cowley and Viscount Dangan, K.G., G.C.B., P.C., D.C.L., died at his residence in Albemarle-street on the 15th inst. He was born June 17, 1804, the eldest son of Henry, Lord Cowley, G.C.B. (created a Peer in 1828), and of Charlotte, his first wife, daughter of Charles, first Earl Cadogan; was grandson of Garret, first Earl of Mornington, and nephew of the Marquis Wellesley and the first Duke of Wellington. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1824, and continued in it until 1867. After passing through various diplomatic grades, he was accredited Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to France in 1852, and represented his Sovereign with ability, tact, and discretion at the Court of the Second Empire from a month or two before the Coup d'Etat to just three years antecedent to the Franco-German War. He succeeded his father in the Barony of Cowley April 27, 1847, and was raised to the Viscountcy of Dangan and Earldom of Cowley April 11, 1857. The decoration of G.C.B. was conferred on him in 1853, and that of K.G. in 1866, the year before he retired. His Lordship married, Oct. 23, 1833, Olivia Cecilia, daughter of Lord Henry Fitzgerald and his wife Charlotte, Baroness de Ros, and leaves three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, William Henry, Viscount Dangan, Lieutenant-Colonel late Coldstream Guards, Knight of the Medjidieh, who succeeds as second Earl Cowley, was born Aug. 25, 1834, and married, Aug. 8, 1863, Emily Gwendolen, daughter of Colonel Thomas Peers Williams, M.P., of Temple House, Berks, by whom he has one son and one daughter.

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS.

The Hon. Sir Charles James Watkin Williams, of Dolfrigi, in the county of Carnarvon, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature, Queen's Bench Division, died suddenly on the 17th inst., while on Circuit. He was born Sept. 23, 1828, the eldest son of the Rev. Peter Williams, Rector of Llansannan, in the county of Denbigh, J.P., by Lydia, his wife, daughter of the Rev. James Price, J.P., of Pwllcrochion, in the county of Carnarvon, and was educated at Ruthin Grammar School, St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, and the London University. On leaving the University, he studied medicine, under Mr. Erichsen, but relinquished the medical profession, and was called to the Bar in 1854. His practice as a special pleader was considerable, and his lucid and useful work on pleading and procedure was much esteemed. In 1873 he became Q.C., and a Bencher of the Inner Temple; from 1868 to 1880 he sat in the House of Commons as the Liberal member for Denbigh; and from April, 1880, to the November following, for Carnarvonshire. In the last-named year he was raised to the Judicial Bench. He married, first, 1855, Henrietta, daughter of Mr. William Henry Cary, and niece of Vice-Chancellor Malins; and secondly, 1865, Elizabeth, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Lush, Lord Justice of Appeal. He leaves issue. Mr. Justice Hawkins, in referring in Court to the sudden death of Sir Watkin, added, "One more universally beloved in his profession, one more upright and honest as a Judge and as a man, never, I believe, existed."

VICE-ADMIRAL EWART, C.B.

Vice-Admiral Charles Joseph Frederick Ewart, C.B., died on the 14th inst., in his sixty-eighth year. He was eldest son of the late Lieutenant-General John Frederick Ewart, C.B., and brother of Lieutenant-General John Alexander Ewart, C.B.; was born in 1816, entered the Royal Navy in 1830, and, serving during the Crimean War, was present at the bombardment of Odessa and Sebastopol. He received, in requital, medal with clasp, the Turkish war medal, the Legion of Honour, and the Medjidieh. His commission of Captain bears date in 1855, and that of Vice-Admiral in 1878. In 1869, he was made C.B.

FOREIGN NEWS.

After a long discussion on Monday the French Chamber of Deputies passed the credit of 5,000,000. by 373 votes to 93.—Two deaths from cholera have been registered in Paris. In Marseilles and Toulon the epidemic continues its ravages.—M. de Lesseps has informed the French Academy of Science that the International Commission has pronounced in favour of widening the existing Suez Canal, and against the construction of a new one.

On the 17th inst. the remains of the late Prince of Orange were deposited in the Royal crypt of the New Church at Delft, in the presence of a large number of illustrious personages.—It is understood that the Dutch Council of State approves the Ministerial Bill nominating Queen Emma of the Netherlands to be Regent, in the event of Princess Wilhelmina succeeding to the throne before attaining her majority.

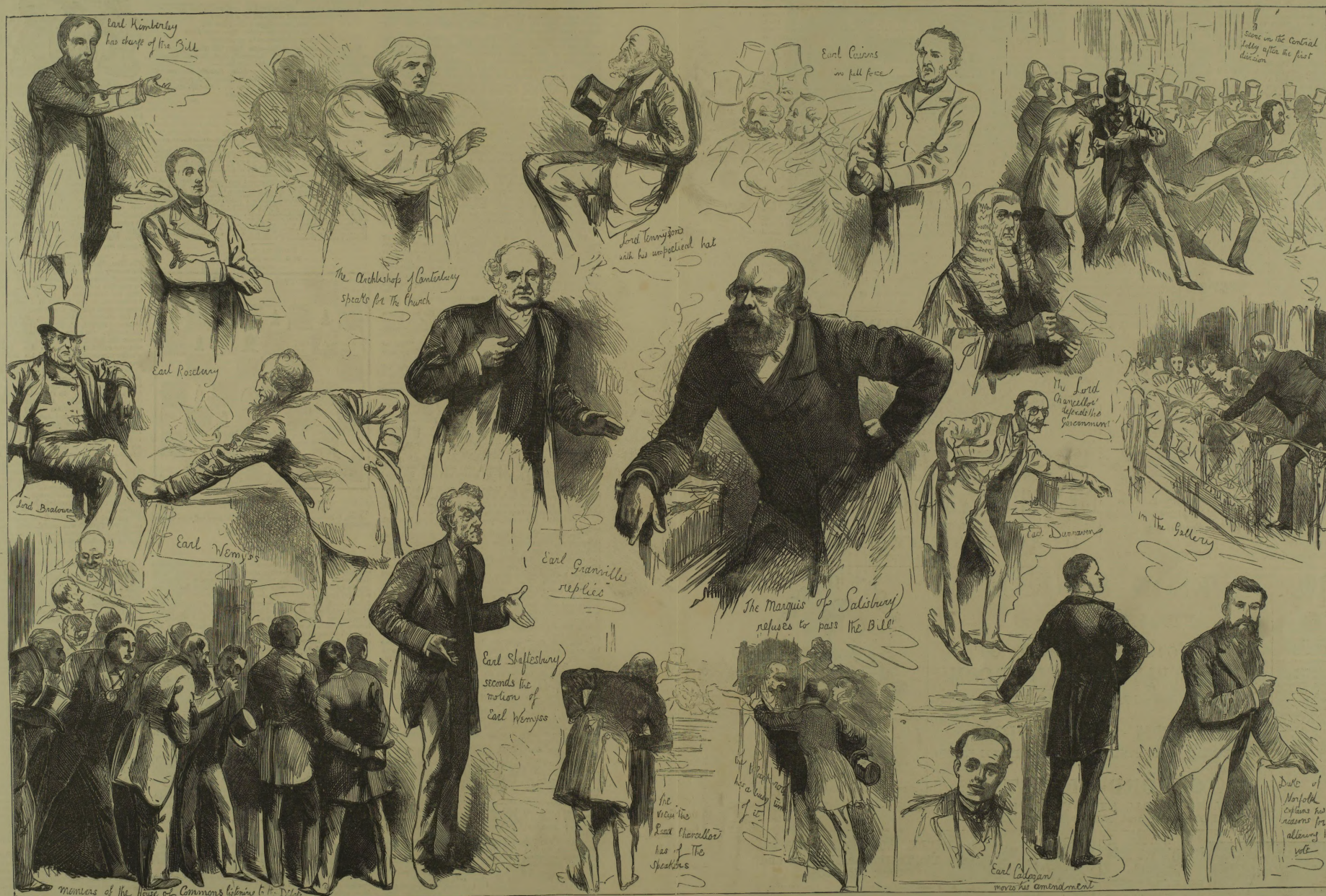
The Crown Prince of Sweden's first son, the Duke of Södermanland, was baptized last Saturday at Tullgarn Castle.—The Norwegian Storting has been prorogued, after a long and exciting Session, and peace seems to have been established between the Parliament and the King.

Intelligence from Warsaw states that a plot has been discovered to blow up the Palace there, during the Emperor of Russia's stay, and that a justice of the peace has been arrested.

The survivors of the United States Expedition into the Arctic Seas, under Lieutenant Greely, have been found by the relief ships sent in search of them. Lieutenant Greely was alive, with seven companions, surrounded by the dead bodies of sixteen of their party, who had been starved to death, one other having been drowned while seal-hunting. The party had suffered great privations in the camp near the mouth of Smith Sound, where they had been from Oct. 21 to the date of their relief in June, living chiefly on provisions stored in the cairns built by Sir G. Nares in 1875 and by the Neptune in 1882.

The Electoral College at Mexico has unanimously and formally declared General Porfirio Diaz to be elected President of the Mexican Republic.

In the sitting of the Victoria Legislative Assembly on the 17th inst. the Hon. James Service, Premier and Colonial Treasurer, made his financial statement, according to which the revenue for the past financial year amounted to £5,930,000, being £154,000 in excess of the estimate. The actual expenditure amounted to £5,950,000. Mr. Service estimates the revenue for the ensuing financial year at £5,960,000, and the expenditure at £6,230,000. To meet the deficit, he proposes an increase of 2s. in the spirit duty.—The Legislative Assembly of Queensland have unanimously passed the resolutions of the Convention in favour of the confederation of the colonies, of the annexation of New Guinea and other Western Pacific Islands, and of combined legislation against criminal aliens.



SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN THE DEBATES ON THE FRANCHISE BILL.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1882) of Lady Lucy Caroline Calvert, late of No. 38, Upper Grosvenor-street, who died on May 3 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Frederick Calvert, Q.C., the husband, and Edward Young Western, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. The testatrix leaves all her property to her husband, for life; at his death there are numerous legacies, specific and pecuniary, to her brothers, nephews, nieces, and others, including £4000 to her brother William Henry Herbert, and £3000 to her niece and god-daughter Lucy Florentia Montgomery; and the residue of her estate she gives to her brother Robert Charles Herbert. The deceased was the eldest daughter of the second Earl of Powis, K.G.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1883) of Mr. Thomas Gee, late of Dewhurst Lodge, Wadhurst, Sussex, who died on April 24 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by William Pearson, Q.C., Ernest Hatton, Saffery William Johnson, and Gordon Johnson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £187,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Eliza Gee, £1000, all his wines, liquors, and consumable stores, three cows, three horses, two carriages and harness; he also leaves her, for life or widowhood, Wadhurst Lodge, with the furniture, pictures, race cups, presentation and other plate and effects, and £1500 per annum; to each of his executors an annuity of £50 during the continuance of their trusteeship; to Mr. Pearson, in addition, £500; to Joseph Dempster, £100; to his brother, William Castle, an annuity of £400; and to his sister, Charlotte Castle, to Mary Ann Chapman, and to Henry A. Blackman, annuities of £100 each. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children, and in default of children he settles the same on Arthur Bilby Pearson, the son of his executor.

The will (dated April 30, 1883) of Mr. Judah Philip Benjamin, Q.C., late of No. 41, Avenue d'Jéna, Paris, who died on May 6 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by John George Witt and Lindsey Middleton Aspland, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £60,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Nathalie Benjamin, £1000; to his executors 100 guineas each; and legacies to his sisters, brother, nieces, and nephew, amounting together to £10,000. The residue of his property he gives to his wife, and to his daughter, Madame Ninette de Bousignac.

The will (dated April 2, 1883) of Mrs. Maria Susannah Holmes, formerly of Ottawa House, Walthamstow, but late of No. 16, Cambridge-street, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 11

last, was proved on the 25th ult. by Charles Joseph Holmes, the son, James Stocken, and Edward Moberley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £52,000. The testatrix appoints £8000 in settlement to her daughter Mrs. Maria Charlotte Fisher; and she bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for her daughter Mrs. Mary Kate Bisson for life; £6000 to her sister Mrs. Mary Ann Dimmett; £6000 to her son Charles Joseph; £4000 to her son William Court; and there are some further legacies to her children, and also to grandchildren, her own and her late husband's relatives, and others. The residue of her property she leaves to her said son, Charles Joseph Holmes.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1884) of Mr. James Carthew Quick, late of No. 82, Marine-parade, Brighton, Sussex, who died on May 6 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Robert Herbert Quick and Frederic James Quick, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £48,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to the London Hospital, Whitechapel, the Sussex County Hospital, Brighton, and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £3000 each to his cousins, Jane Carthew Windett and Hannah Carthew Windett; £4000 to his faithful friend and clerk, John Thomas Henry Reck, who entered his service more than forty-four years ago; and some other legacies. The residue of his estate and effects he gives to his said two sons.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1882), with a codicil (dated Dec. 1, 1883), of Mr. William Octavius Garstin, late of Osborne House, Belvidere, Eriti, 85, Baker-street, Portman-square, and of Sandown, Isle of Wight, Upholder and Jobmaster, who died on May 22 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by William Evans Garstin, Norman Brealey Garstin, and Aubrey Garstin, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £41,000. With the exception of some legacies to employes and others, the testator gives all his real and personal estate to his said three sons.

The will (dated April 7, 1881) of the Rev. Francis Garden, M.A., Sub-Dean of her Majesty's Chapels Royal of Whitehall and St. James's, late of No. 67, Victoria-street, Westminster, who died on May 11 last, was proved on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Sir Vyell Donnithorne Vyvyan, Bart., and Vernon Benbow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for his grand-daughter, Constance Virginia Evelyn Goldingham; and legacies to his executors, nephew by marriage, and late servant. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his sister-in-law, Miss Caroline Elizabeth Bouchier.

THE PENISTONE RAILWAY DISASTER.

A terrible railway accident, by which above twenty persons were killed and twice that number injured, took place on Wednesday week at Bullhouse Bridge, near Penistone, midway between Manchester and Sheffield. An express-train of the joint traffic system of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire and of the Great Northern Company, which had left Manchester at half-past twelve at noon, broke the axle of its engine, and the carriages behind were thrown from the bridge or embankment into the road below, a depth of about 16 ft. They were turned upside down and broken, some were smashed to pieces, and half the passengers suffered, nineteen being taken dead out of the wreck of the train. Three others died after removal to Manchester. Among those killed were several ladies—Mrs. Conates, widow of a clergyman in Lancashire; Mrs. Stower and Mrs. Spencer, of Boston; Mrs. Edelstein, of New York; Miss Tetlow, of Bolton-by-Bolland; Mrs. Rawlings, of Redditch; and Mr. and Mrs. Shorrocks, of Darwen, who were on their way to a family wedding in London. Mr. Bromley, mechanical engineer, of Victoria-street, Westminster, and Mr. J. P. Woodhead, consulting engineer, of Manchester, were also killed. The Queen sent next day a message to the Mayor of Manchester, expressing her sympathy with those who are still suffering, and with the families of the dead. Our Illustration shows the scene of the disaster, with part of the remains of the train. It appears that the train was going at a speed of nearly fifty miles an hour, down an incline of one in 124, and round a curve of half a mile radius. The axle of the engine had been properly examined at Manchester, but the crack in the steel could not then be detected.

DESPERATE AFFRAY WITH BURGLARS.

Early on the morning of Friday, the 18th inst., the police in the neighbourhood of New North-road were engaged in a remarkable chase of burglars. Two men had been seen to act in a suspicious manner, and, being pursued, they took refuge in Trinity Churchyard. Constable Garner seized one, named Wheatley, and received a bullet wound in the thigh from the burglar's revolver, but maintained his hold until help came, and the ruffian was apprehended. The other burglar, named Wright, after shooting Police-Constable Snell in the groin, got into a courtyard, where a ladder enabled him to mount to the roofs of some cottages. He passed from house to house, making several dangerous leaps, and eluded the pursuit of the police and an angry crowd for more than an hour.

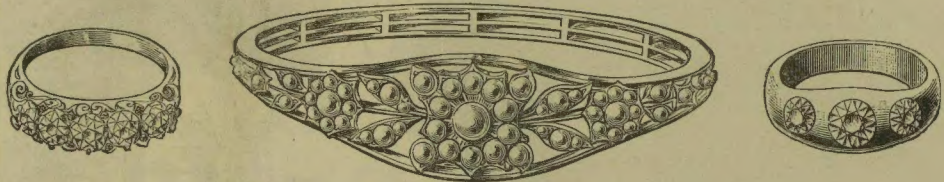


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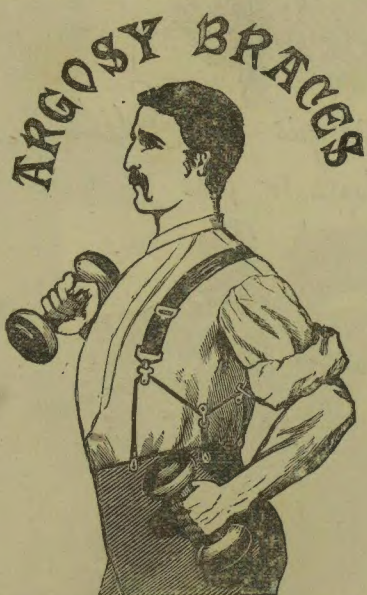
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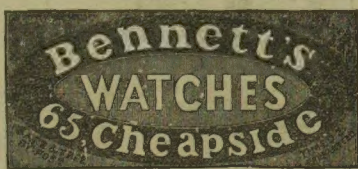


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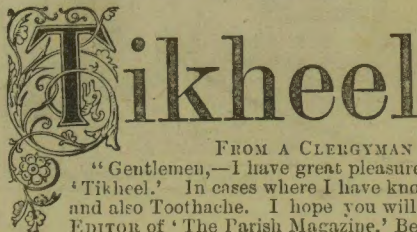
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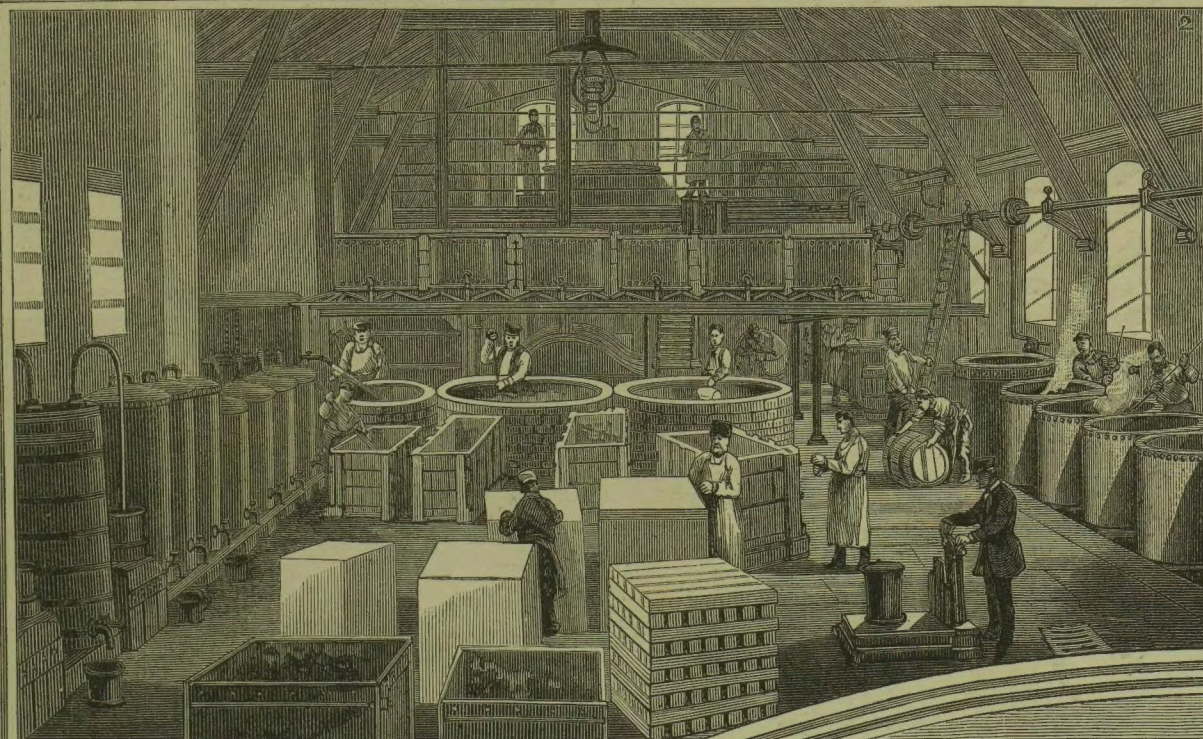
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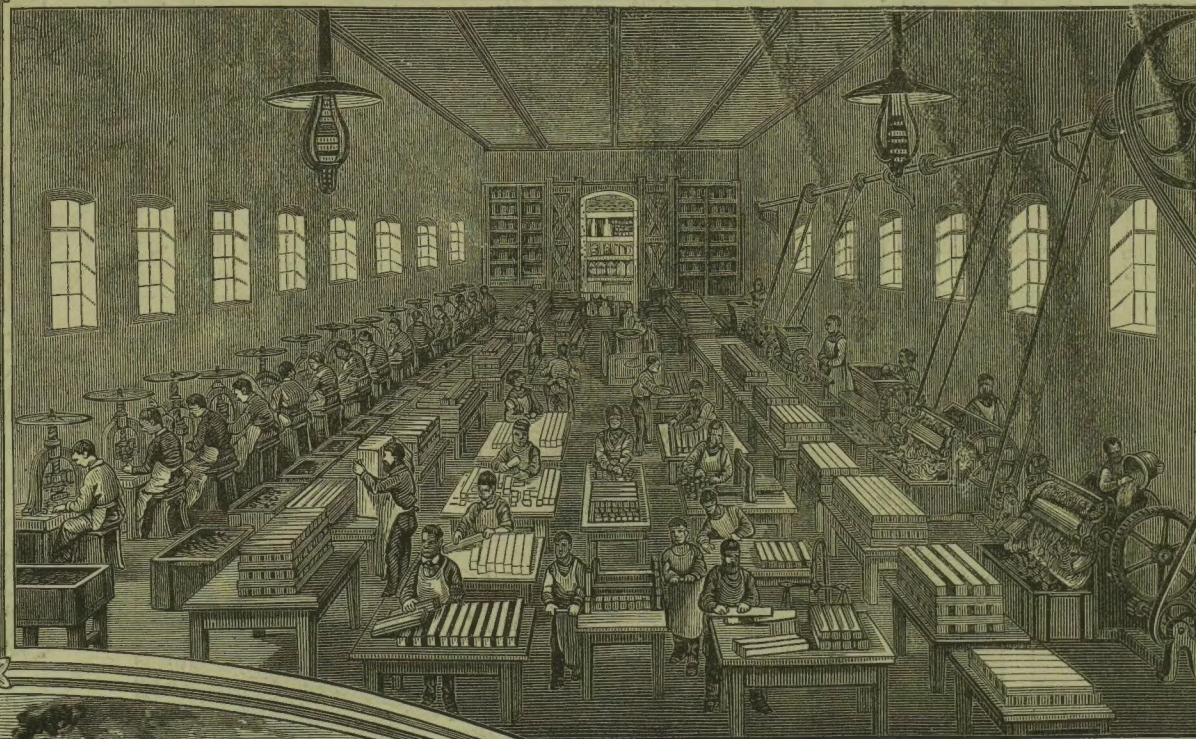
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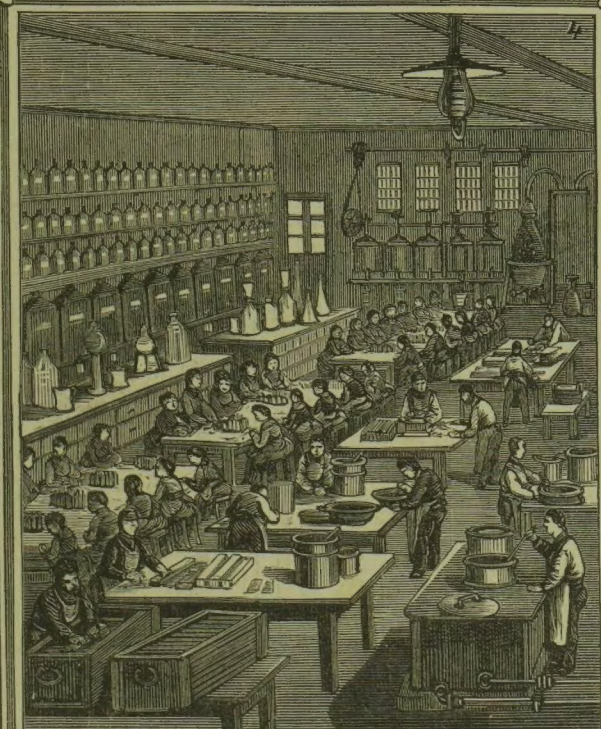
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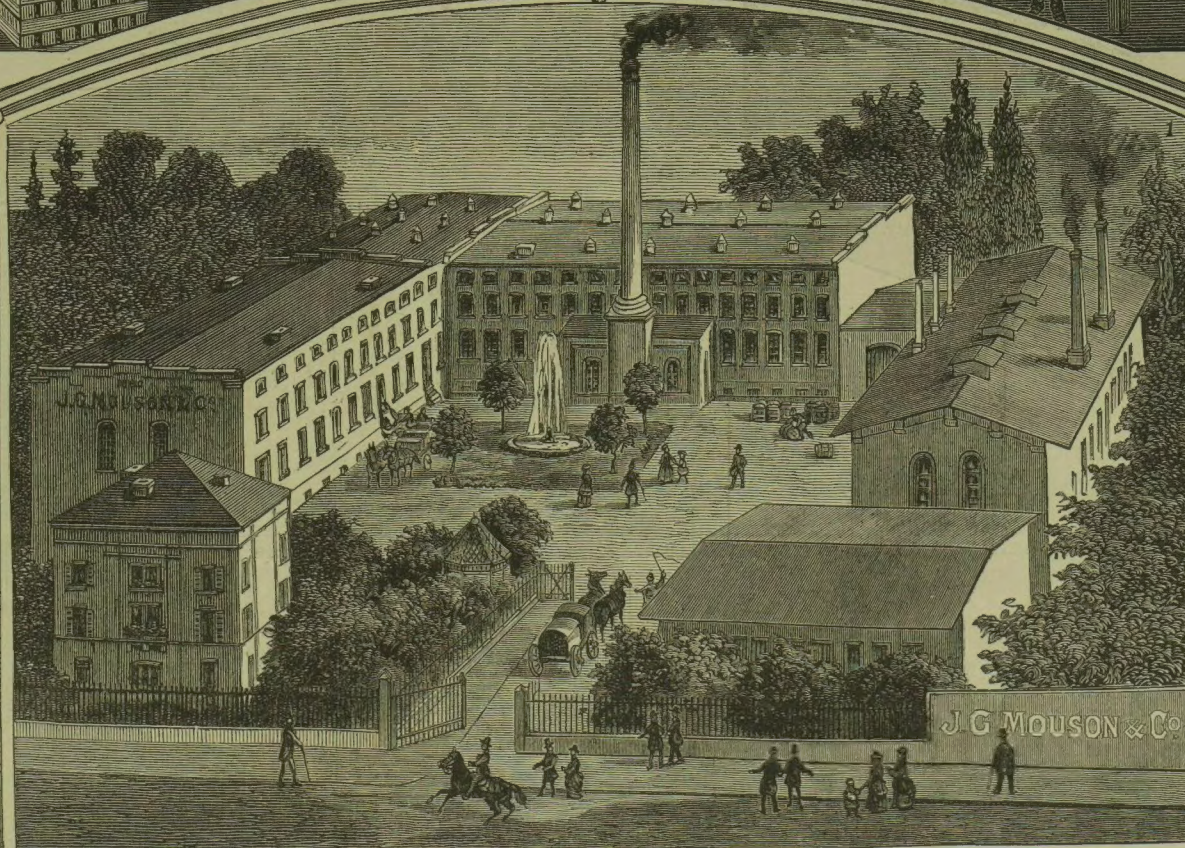
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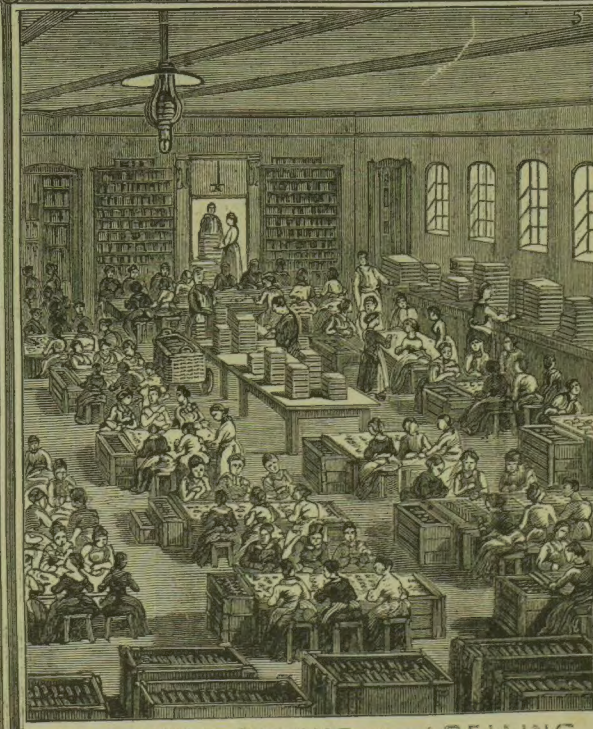
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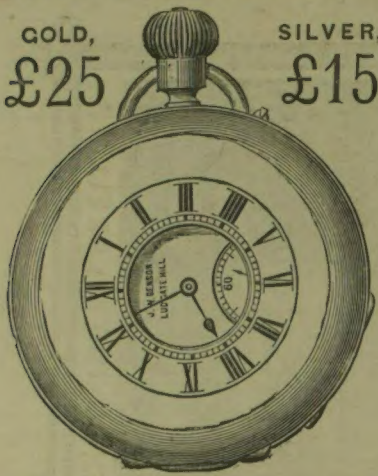
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